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CHILD OF TWO WORLDS

Herbert Hall Taylor

WAR PROVES SURVIVAL OF THE DEAD

Dr. Hereward Carrington

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Volume 1

TRUE MYSTIC SCIENCE

Number 4

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You can't afford to miss this outstanding feature by Wayne L. Gorton. Read of the wonders performed by Thomas J. Kelly, miracle medium of modern times. You will be fascinated by the astounding account of how Kelly, under the spell of the unknown, solved the baffling triangle murder of Marie Boulange.

Watch for This Outstanding Article in the April Issue of TRUE MYSTIC SCIENCE

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UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD

WAR Proves Survival

The Great War, sadly enough, destroyed a large portion of humanity; but at the same time proved to the world the reality of a spiritual after-life from which messages can be received.

ANOTHER WORLD WAR seemed inevitable but a short time ago. Men's minds turned back to that last terrible conflict, with its madness of heroism and terror. Would national jealousies and hatreds indeed destroy civilization and humanity? It looked very much like it!

But, at the eleventh hour, it seemed that some higher power intervened. Those gifted with psychic vision had predicted all along that there would be no armed conflict, and they were right. For the time being, at least, humanity was saved.

Many were the psychic experiences which individual soldiers had during that last conflict. Some had premonitions of their own death; some had their lives saved by spiritistic warnings; some appeared in phantom form to friends and relatives at home; some passed into the Great Beyond and seemingly sent back loving and reassuring messages to those still upon the earth plane. Amidst the grimmest of realities, dreams and visions played their part.

It is always so: sublimity and horror stalk hand in hand—for, after all, the nations of the world are composed of individuals living their own inner lives.

Experience has shown us that keen emotions, more than aught else, tend to stimulate and promote psychic phenomena. What would be more calculated to do so than a great war?

We have evidence, indeed, from actual experiences, that such was the case. Take the following instance, by way of illustration:

It was a stifling hot summer night on the Gallipoli Peninsula. Fighting had taken place intermittently during the day. For a time, however, the big guns had stopped their booming, and activity of stray snipers had relaxed. so the little company of New Zealanders who had held their ground so bravely were snatching a welcome half hour's sleep.

Suddenly Private Reynolds awoke with a start. All sleepiness had left him. His sudden movement succeeded in waking his neighbor, Private Pugh, also, and as the latter raised himself on his elbow to see what was amiss, he saw that Reynolds was staring up at the sky with a startled look in his eyes.

"What's the matter, mate? You look kind o' scared," he said.

There was silence for a moment. The night was calm, still and impressive. In the firmament of blue above gleamed myriad points of golden light. Afar, the gentle, soothing lap of the waves against the rocks could be heard. Then Private Reynolds said:

"I shall have to go on listening-post duty at midnight on the twenty-fifth of June, and I shall be shot through the head."

"But what makes you think that?" asked his companion, impressed in spite of himself by the deep, calm tones of conviction in which Reynolds' startling announcement had been made.

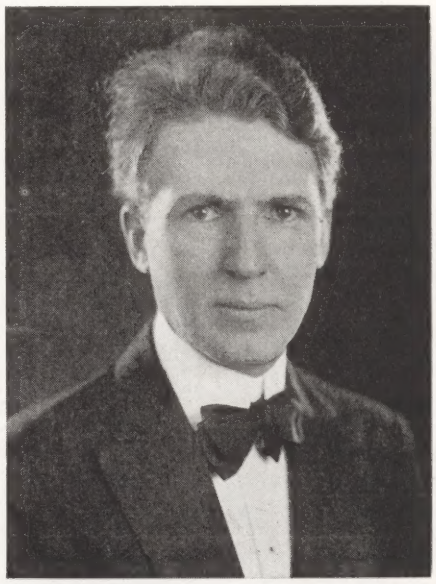
"Only this," was the reply. "I had a dream just now, and in that dream I saw my mother reading a newspaper. She looked up from it suddenly, and her face was so

Soldiers were constantly so close to death that they were able to get communications from those already killed as in the case of these German infantrymen pictured advancing on the Russian frontier, ready at any second to give and receive lethal wounds.

# of THE DEAD

By Dr. Hereward Carrington

Author of "Your Dream World," Etc.



Dr. Hereward Carrington, president of the American Psychical Institute, who witnessed World War psychic phenomena.

white, and her eyes so horror-struck, that I found myself looking over her shoulder to see what she had been reading; and there in the roll of honor my name stood out—'Private Reynolds, shot through the head while on listening-post duty on June twenty-fifth,' is what I read."

Private Pugh laughed at his friend for his "fit o' the blues," as he called it, and so did all his other chums. They said the dream was the result of a disordered mind aggravated by poor rations and physical fatigue; in short, that the general war conditions had got on his nerves. He was told to buck up and put all thought of it out of his head.

But they couldn't help recalling the dream premonition at which they had scoffed when Private Reynolds was called out on listening-post duty with five of his companions two days later, on June twenty-fifth, the very day which his dream had foretold.

Only two of the six men came back. These reported that the party had been taken in ambush by the Turks at midnight. Private Reynolds, with three of his mates, had been shot through the head. Thus in every detail had his dream been fulfilled!

MANY ARE THE cases of just this character which the tragic war yielded. But, fortunately, all of them were not of this grim variety. The following instance is a good example of a life—identity withheld by request—apparently saved by a warning vision:

"One night while carrying bombs, I had occasion to take cover when, about twenty yards off, I saw my mother looking at me as plain as life. Leaving my bombs, I crawled nearly to the place where the vision had appeared, when a German shell dropped on them. . . . Well, I had to return for some more. Had it not been for that vision I should certainly have been reported as among the missing."

In a letter written home, the soldier added: "You'll turn up again, won't you, mother, next time a shell is coming?"

Of course it is not only in time of war that accident and death are thus prevented. Such cases happen far more frequently than generally supposed. A young lady of my acquaintance, for instance, has on at least two occasions had her life saved by a warning voice, to which she paid heed. The first time, the voice said, "Stop—don't move!" and she stood stock-still, while iron girders from a building under construction fell all around her like jackstraws. Had she moved a fraction of an inch, or tried to run, she would have been crushed to death. But she remained still, and her life was saved.

On a second occasion the voice spoke to her, but this time it said, "Jump!" Having had a previous experience of the kind, she jumped without question, and the next instant a heavy truck crashed past her and into the fence just beyond—so close that the mud from its wheels left smears upon her coat.

Yes, lives could often be saved or greatly benefited if we but learned to pay heed to the still, small voice within us. Most of us have at one time or another experienced strange dreams, hunches, premonitions of disaster; but we have paid no attention to them. We have not yet learned the value of intuition, or the fact that the subconscious mind is in many respects far wiser than the conscious, Humanity would be far better off if it paid more heed to these inner, spiritual warnings.

This part of ourselves is not only wiser but more far-reaching than the ordinary self. As Dr. Alexis Carrel, of the Rockefeller Institute, expressed it, it "overflows" us in all directions, extending outwards into space, and reaching other minds or contacting realities of which we know little. It is through this deeper part of ourselves that telepathy, clairvoyance, and the higher spiritual powers operate.

Many are the cases in which things have been seen which the physical eye could not see, or in which some phantom double has been perceived at a distance—frequently coinciding with death. The following case is an excellent one:

The colonel of a certain regiment had been in the thick of the fighting ever since the war started, but several months elapsed before he was wounded, when a bursting shell deprived him of his arm, and he was sent home to England.

After a few months at home the officer, who had been fitted with an artificial arm, thought that he was well enough to rejoin his regiment. But he was told that this was impossible, and the command of a garrison battalion leaving for the Dardanelles was offered him instead.

Being a man of action, the colonel accepted this new command rather than remain idle; and so, although his heart was with his old regiment in Flanders, he set out for Lemnos to take up his new post there.

But before very long he contracted an attack of dysentery, and once more had to be invalided home. He reached England all right, but in the hospital train on his way to London, he breathed his last.

And now comes the curious part of the story. At the very moment of his death in the hospital train, the

Bursting German shells falling on French troops in the Argonne. The colonel whose supernatural feat astounded his comrades lost an arm under such shellfire.

UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD

colonel appeared to his old regiment in the trenches in Flanders, in broad daylight, when every man was at his post.

"Why, here's Colonel ———! I didn't know he was back," remarked a sergeant-major to his company commander as he pointed out the well-known figure of their old chief standing there before them. The company commander sprang forward to greet the colonel, but before he reached his side the apparition had disappeared.

And the colonel was not only seen by these two, but by nearly all his men, who speak with bated breath of their experience to this day.

For at the time he appeared to them in the trenches in Flanders, they had thought he was still at Lemnos—though when they realized the nature of the apparition they were filled with misgivings. These misgivings were only too well confirmed a week later, when the mail arrived, bringing the news of his death.

It is interesting to note the number of psychic manifestations which hinge upon the moment of death. Of course, it is a center of great emotional crisis, but if the academic psychologists be right, and death marks the end of it all, it is evident that this should be a time of *less* rather than *greater* psychic activity—since the mind would be in the process of being extinguished at the time. How can a light which is being switched off give more light than at any other time? Obviously, the theories and explanations of the psychologists must be wrong. The mind of man cannot be extinguished at death: it may be *withdrawn* from the body, but that is another matter. It is withdrawn into some spiritual world.

And it is from this new spiritual world that communications have been received in all ages of the world's history, and similar messages were received from soldiers who had passed on during the Great War. They came back to say that they were alive and happy—and often they were puzzled and surprised to find themselves where they were! Brought up in the old traditions, they had assumed that, when they died, they would find themselves in a traditional heaven, instead of which they found themselves much the same as before—only of course in a mental world. Some soldiers were killed so suddenly that, for a long time, they did not realize they were dead. Many communicators have expressed just this surprise. Here is one, typical of many spirit messages received through automatic writing:

"I am here, and I want to tell you about my awakening into spirit life. I was at first dimly conscious of figures moving in the room and round the bed. Then the door was closed and all was still. I then first perceived that I was not lying on the bed, but seemed to be floating in the air, a little above it. I saw in the dim light the

UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD

Men were often slain so quickly they did not know they were dead. This observer, a German officer, was killed in a split-second by a French sharpshooter.

body stretched out straight and with the face covered. My first idea was that I might re-enter it, but all desire to do this soon left me—the tie was broken.

"I stood upon the floor and looked around the room where I had been so ill and so helpless, and where I could once more move without restraint. The room was not empty. Close to me was my father's father (giving the name correctly). He had been with me all through. There were others whom I love now, even if I did not know much of them then. . . .

"I passed out of the room, through the next, where my mother and sister were, and I tried to speak to them. My voice was plain to myself, and even loud, yet they took no notice of all I could say. I walked through the college rooms—much blackness, but some light. Then I went out under the free heavens. I will write more another sitting—power too weak now. Good night. . . . "

At another sitting a night or two later, the same name was written, and the thread of the preceding narrative was abruptly taken up without any preface:

"I saw the earth lying dark and cold under the stars in the first beginning of the wintry sunrise. It was the landscape I knew so well and had looked at so often. Suddenly sight was born to me; my eyes became open. I saw the spiritual world dawn upon the actual, like the blossoming of a flower. For this I have no words. Nothing that I could say would make any of you comprehend the wonder of that revelation, but it will be yours in time. I was drawn, as if by my affinity, to the world which is now mine. But I am not fettered there. I am much drawn to earth, but by no unhappy chain. I am drawn to those I love; to the places much endeared."

MANY OF THE SOLDIERS killed in the war—in the heyday of their mental and physical vigor—were indeed amazed to find themselves yet "living," and could hardly be persuaded that they had "died." As one communicator expressed it, speaking for his fellow soldiers:

"Death does not transform a man into either a saint or a devil. He awakens to spiritual consciousness with the impressions firmly imbedded in his mind that he is, to all intents and purposes, just as he was when functioning on the terrestrial plane. The change, in fact, is so imperceptible at first that many of those who have passed through the Gateway positively refuse to believe they have died! If they have experienced illness they naturally feel free from pain, but they attribute this to the fact that they have suddenly, and by some inexplicable means, become convalescent. That they have died is altogether an irrational explanation.

"The ideas that have been instilled into their minds concerning the meaning of death had not been realized in the slightest degree; there had been no dread and no terror; they had not consciously crossed the dark waters of Jordan, they had not been transferred to the mythical heaven of their imagination; they were manifesting in a body similar in form to the physical vesture; everything around them seemed as natural and as objective as the things of earth; they felt the same impulses and the same desires, and the general environment produced by their mental activity seemed exactly the same as before. How, then, could it be said that they had died? They might feel that *something* had happened, but what that *something* was they would be unable to explain. Death would be the last explanation to offer."

We have here, of course, an interesting analogy with our dreams, in which objects seem real and substantial and cannot be proved otherwise by any conceivable tests we may apply. If the next world is a mental world—as it must be—then it would seem just as real to its inhabitants as our dream world does to us. It is often stated that such *is* the case. In both we create, to a great extent, our environment. Thought is the great builder, the great reality.

This is doubtless one reason why there are so many differing versions of conditions beyond. What two people would give a similar description of New York and its inhabitants? There are seemingly many who still suffer for a time from false ideas and delusions; there are some who are still resentful of some individual or even

[*Continued on page 147*]

This French soldier, killed while running across the field, may have appeared to his loved ones at home at the very second of his death.

UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD

TESTIMONIALS TO SPIRITUALISM

Many of the great men of our country, with Abraham Lincoln leading the list, were ardent spiritualists. And they constantly sought guidance and comfort in times of stress from their brethren in the spirit world. Here are Benjamin Franklin's and Longfellow's testimonials to spiritualism:

A man is not completely born until he is "dead." Why then should we grieve that a new child is born among the immortals. We are "spirit."

That bodies should be lent us, while they can afford us pleasure, assist us in acquiring knowledge or in doing good to our fellow creatures, is a kind and benevolent act of God. When they become unfit for these purposes and afford us pain instead of pleasure, instead of an aid become an incumbrance, it is equally kind and benevolent that a way is provided by which we may get rid of them. "Death" is that way.

Our friend and ourselves will be invited abroad on a party of pleasure which is to last forever. His chair was ready first and he is gone before us. We could not all conveniently start together; and why should you and I be grieved at this, since as we are soon to follow and know where to find him?

—Benjamin Franklin

There is no death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb to the life elysian.

—Longfellow.

CHILD of TWO WORLDS

Scientists, physicians and educators were astounded by the uncanny psychical phenomenon possessed by an eight-year-old Long Island girl—in which chance or fraud could not have played a part.

By
Herbert Hall Taylor

Miss Helen Bailey, Beulah's teacher, the first to call attention to the child's remarkable powers.

At eight years of age Beulah Maude Miller was a normal child, fond of games of all sorts, and particularly fond of animals. A stray kitten or a hungry mongrel were waifs to be taken home and "mothered." Beulah was popular with the neighborhood children, but there was one game in which they would not allow her to take part. When they played "Old Maid," she could always tell who held the queen.

She was rather a delicate child, living with her parents in a modest cottage in Warren, Rhode Island. She was part Indian, which, in the minds of some people, accounted in part for her seemingly supernormal powers. Her father, David Miller, was a half-breed. His grandfather was a full-blooded Indian of the Annie Ore Rock tribe.

The first person outside of the immediate family circle to become aware of Beulah's strange gift was her school teacher, Miss Helen Bailey. The child was then ten years old. In a recent interview Miss Bailey said to the writer:

Beulah Maude Miller, age 8, (left) and (below) her Warren, Rhode Island, home, to which scientists came to witness her astounding psychic performances.

"Beulah could certainly describe things without seeing them. The first demonstration I had of this occult power was one day after she had been absent from school for some time. Mrs. Miller, her mother, came to school with her, and I remarked that I was glad to see the child back as she was getting behind in her work. To this Mrs. Miller replied:

" 'Well, Beulah can do things none of the other children can do,' and forthwith proceeded to make good the assertion. Beulah turned her back to me and described books which I picked up, and correctly named other objects I held in my hand. She also stated words I wrote on the blackboard. I'm positive that no information was conveyed to the child by the mother through the ordinary channels of communication."

My next call was on Dr. Henry W. Hopkins, who was called by Mrs. Miller during the absence of her regular physician.

"I had heard that Beulah could see and describe objects apparently invisible to normal vision," Dr. Hopkins told me, "and concealing a small pencil in my hand, I asked the little girl if she could tell what I was holding. Beulah raised her eyes to the ceiling. 'P-e-n-c-i-l,' she said after a few seconds thought, spelling the word slowly, letter by letter.

" 'I wonder if you can tell me the number of my car?' I then asked, and again in the same slow, methodical way she spelled it—'One-six-seven-three-R-one,' which was correct. She then gave me correctly the number of my other car, then in my garage—'One-five-eight-one-R-one.'

Judge Charles B. Mason, who stated that possibility of fraud in the Beulah Miller case was unthinkable.

"You will have observed," said Dr. Hopkins, "that instead of giving the abbreviation for Rhode Island (R. I.) she gave it as 'R-one.'

"She then read, without seeing them, passages in a book which I indicated of which it was obvious she did not know the meaning. One peculiar fact which I noticed was that she never seemed to know when she had completed the answer to a question. Her voice invariably ended with a rising inflection, as though there were more to follow."

HERMAN W. WATJEN, D.D., pastor of the church where Beulah attended Sunday school, was apparently the next person to hear of her uncanny ability, or talent, or call it what you will. Children in her Sunday school class told him:

"Beulah Miller can see things behind your backs and tell what's in our minds," they asserted convincingly.

"At first," Dr. Watjen said to me, "I was naturally incredulous. But I'm now forced to admit that the little girl exhibited a sixth sense in the experiments I conducted with her.

"Of one thing I am definitely assured, there is no fraud in her performance.

"For instance, soon after hearing of Beulah's amazing feats, I happened to be passing her home and I stepped in and asked Mrs. Miller if the child possessed the strange faculty with which she was credited. The mother then told me how Beulah had surprised them with her ability. 'One day,' said Mrs. Miller, 'Beulah asked her father for some money and he said he had none, whereupon Beulah told him the exact amount he had in his pocket.

" 'I was scared,' said the mother, 'because I didn't know whether her talent was a gift from God or whether Satan was aiding her.'

"Just then Beulah came in. I had a jar of honey in my pocket which I was taking to a sick boy in the neighborhood. 'Surely, she will never guess that,' I thought, and so I asked casually, 'Beulah, can you tell me what I have in my coat pocket?'

" 'H-o-n-e-y,' she spelled out, a gratified smile on her face.

"I had many more experiments with the child after that," said Dr. Watjen, "and finally I took her one day to Judge Charles B. Mason, a gentleman of keen perceptive faculties, who had been on the bench for many years."

(As I was anxious to acquire as much information as possible from authoritative sources concerning this child psychic I called on Judge Mason for purposes of verification.)

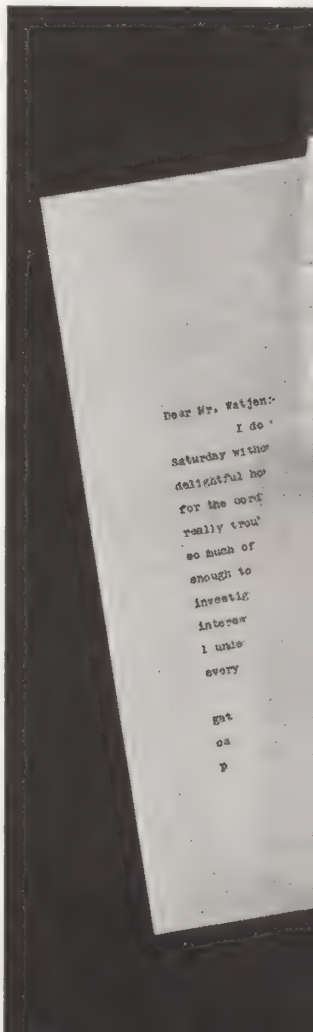
"Fraud or trickery in this case is unthinkable," said Judge Mason in reply to my first question, "and you are at liberty to quote me as saying so."

"That leaves only the theory that the girl possesses supernormal powers. What is it, clairvoyance, telepathy—or is she in contact with the world of spirits?" (The last was added somewhat flippantly, but the judge took no note of it.)

"My theory—of course, it's only a theory—is that it is telepathy," he declared seriously. "During the interviews I had with her, some member of her family was always present; someone who knew the object to be named and described.

"The best results, too, I observed, were obtained in the presence of her mother. Coins, cards, books and other objects were invariably described correctly after they had been seen by Mrs. Miller.

"I am certain, however, that there was no collusion between mother and child. Beulah never looked at the mother, nor did she look at the questioner or in the direction of the object. She either gazed upward or stared into vacancy."



I had come on from New York on receipt of a wire from Mr. Arthur A. Fowle, editor of the Boston *Globe,* asking me to investigate the Beulah Miller mystery. (I had recently written for the *Globe* my experience with a noted Boston psychic.)

Mrs. Miller at first declined to permit me to talk with the child. The newspapers had begun to print stories about the strange little girl, a child of two worlds, in the little Rhode Island town, and an avalanche of letters was being received from people seeking an opportunity to test her alleged remarkable powers. All this, the mother said, was making her little girl extremely nervous and, she feared, was affecting her health.

Finally, however, she yielded upon my promise to compensate the child for her trouble. I had two "sittings" with Beulah. Her mother and her sister, Gladys, a few years older, were present on both occasions.

BEULAH went through what had now become her usual performance, naming cards, etc., and giving the dates on coins after they had been shown to her mother, which merely confirmed what had been told me by Rev. Dr. Watjen, Judge Mason, and others.

I was trying to devise a test which would exclude both telepathy and co-operation with the mother, when my eye fell on a box of matches on the mantelpiece. I arose, turning my back on everyone in the room, grabbed a bunch of matches from the box and closed my hand over them. Still standing with my back to her, I asked: "How many matches have I in my hand, Beulah?"

Rev. Herman W. Watjen, pastor of Beulah's church, who said he was "forced to admit" that the little girl exhibited a sixth sense.

The little girl gazed at me blankly, then knitted her brows. She was evidently perplexed. This was something new. Finally, she said:

"Twenty-three."

I had to count them to verify it. She was right. There were exactly twenty-three!

This, of course, might have been only guesswork. I tried it again, and five times Beulah gave the correct answer. Once she failed. She said forty-four, when the correct number was forty-six, but the percentage of correct answers indicated to my mind, at least, that there was something other than telepathy necessary to explain this uncanny power of Beulah Miller.

Suddenly, I asked: "Of what am I thinking, Beulah?"

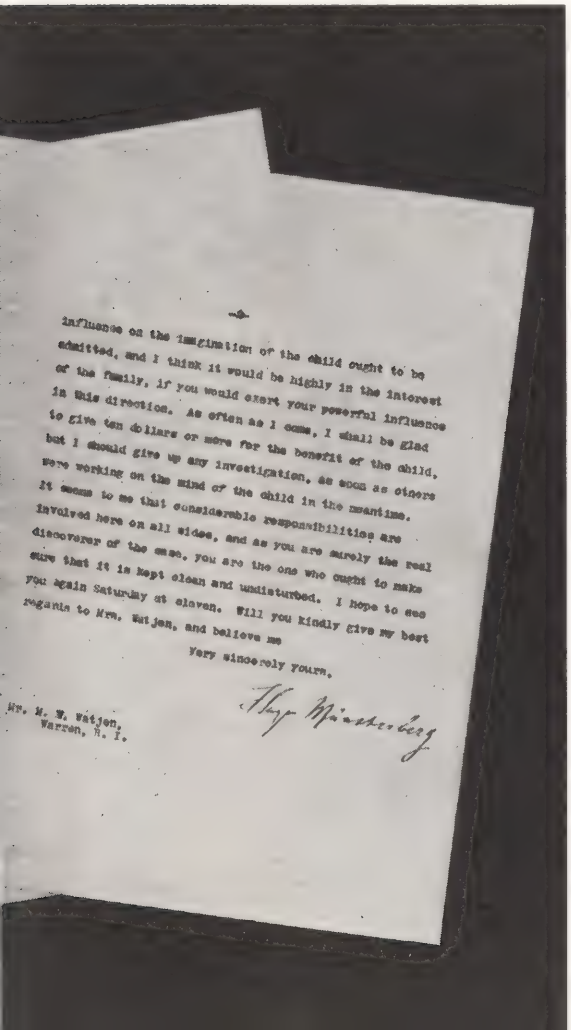
A strange expression came into her eyes. I cannot find words to adequately describe it. It was weird. I have never seen anything like it before or since. In a minute she spoke:

"You are thinking of someone who is no longer a mortal." Then she spelled out slowly, "M-o-t-h-e-r."

This, it seemed to me, was definitely telepathic, but the theory, however, didn't explain the incident of the matches. For the correct number of matches couldn't possibly have been in my mind.

Then she spelled out the name of a deceased cousin, who passed away before I was born, giving his middle name in full, "Ellsworth," which was unknown to me and which I was only able to verify after correspondence.

[*Continued on page 149*]



influence on the imagination of the child ought to be
admitted, and I think it would be highly in the interest
of the family, if you would exert your powerful influence
in this direction. As often as I come, I shall be glad
to give ten dollars or more for the benefit of the child,
but I should give up any investigation, as soon as others
were working on the mind of the child in the meantime.
It seems to me that considerable responsibilities are
involved here on all sides, and as you are surely the real
discoverer of the case, you are the one who ought to make
sure that it is kept clean and undisturbed. I hope to see
you again Saturday at eleven. Will you kindly give my best
regards to Mrs. Watjen, and believe me

Very sincerely yours,

Hugo Münsterberg

Rev. H. W. Watjen,
Warren, R. I.

Reproduction of the letter Münsterberg wrote Rev. Watjen. Highly prejudiced against even the word "occult," Münsterberg later spoke favorably of Beulah.

SHE HAS DIED MORE

By Henry Jordan

EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT the calm Bavarian mountain village of Konnersreuth becomes the scene of the most profound, the most stirring psychic phenomenon of our times—perhaps of all times.

In acute visions of holy torture and death, the forty-year-old German peasant woman, Therese Neumann, walks the road that leads up to the Garden of Gethsemane, bathed in blood and perspiration, suffering in her body the sacred Passion of all Christianity. Wounds open on her body where Christ was wounded and where spikes pierced His flesh. Blood streams down her face—as blood streamed down the face of Jesus from the pricks of his crown of thorns—wets her hand and feet, and she turns her head in a last sigh of agony just as He did.

Even the finest medical instruments can not detect the slightest trace of life in the waxlike, tortured, motionless body which falls back on the pillows after the last image of the Passion has flashed over the screen of Therese Neumann's psychic mind. She is dead, in the medical sense.

The rigor mortis, however, which is complete in all its clinical details and symptoms, begins to relax a few hours later. We are in the presence of a case of resurrection. A soul comes back into the body after having wandered to far, strange shores. First a feeble heart beat, and then breath returns. Slowly all biological functions set in again and are almost normal in the evening.

By Saturday morning Therese Neumann gets up early. Her wounds are scarred. Nothing in her appearance points to her extraordinary destiny and the tragic mysteries she lived through only a few hours before. She looks somewhat pale, as though fatigued by sickness, but otherwise like any other human being. Until next Friday morning she will lead the life of her family who are poor, simple country people. But at 1:00 A. M. her ordeal starts again.

It is significant that the Catholic Church has until today refused to lend its official authority to the baffling happenings in the Bavarian mountain town. Even as yet Therese hasn't been acclaimed a saint and her experiences labeled as a religious miracle.

The reason for the reticence of the Holy Chair lies in the fact that Therese Neumann is far more a psychic medium than a saint listening to the voice of God. Different surroundings and upbringing would undoubtedly have directed her phenomenon into more spiritual channels. Her psychic experiences are undogmatic and unorthodox. The high church dignitaries in Rome know that very well. In fact, it seems, her visions revolve around ecclesiastical subjects by mere incident. For it was by a physical accident that Therese Neumann's phychic power awoke.

ON THE NIGHT of March 10, 1918, the village of Konnersreuth, with its neat, white-painted little houses, stood in flames. The women of the town did the rescue work. The men were out in the trenches keeping alive the flames of the World War.

Therese Neumann, a twenty-year-old peasant girl, renowned for her extraordinary physical strength through the countryside, stood on a ladder, trying to rescue a crying child from the second story of a blazing house. Among the cries for help and the cracking noises of the fire, there suddenly came a loud crash, followed by a heavy thud. The ladder on which Therese Neumann

A nun points to the never-healed scars on Therese Neumann's hands. The wounds open and bleed once a week—wounds like those made by the spikes driven through Christ's hands.

THAN 600 TIMES!

Since 1926 Therese Neumann has subsisted on nothing but the daily wafer of the Holy Communion. And every week she experiences Christ's great ordeal, bleeding from identical wounds that He suffered, as she envisions the Passion of Our Lord and is, at the end, proclaimed dead by medical science.

stood, broke. Then she was lying on the ground, moaning from pain, with a waxen face, blood spurting from her mouth and nostrils.

Medical examination showed that her spine was broken in two places. Help seemed impossible.

For the years to come Therese had to remain in bed, even unable to sit up. Gradually she decayed and degenerated. After a year she became blind and almost deaf. Then she lost any feeling of pain. Respiration troubles and heart attacks set in. Her arms and feet began to grow crooked. By the beginning of 1923, almost complete paralysis was reached. Her body was one single sore, oozing blood and water, emitting a rotten, fetid smell.

Decaying, dying slowly, she found solace in religious ecstacy, into which she plunged herself with long, deep prayers, calling death to free her from her sufferings.

On April 28, 1923, the first miracle, or what better could be called the first psychic phenomenon in Therese Neumann's life, occurred. On that day Little Therese of the Infant Jesus was beatified amidst medieval splendor in St. Peter's Cathedral in Rome. Almost at the same hour that prayers were said by the assembled cardinals, clad in scarlet robes, and chants were sung by the Vatican boy choir, the blindness which had closed in Therese for several years suddenly was lifted amidst an unnatural glare and the sound of unearthly voices singing within her.

Two years later, on May 17, 1925, when the same Little Therese of the Infant Jesus was sanctified, Therese was relieved from her paralysis. Within a few weeks from that day the broken vertebrae healed, the sores on her body dried, the heart beat became regular. She was able to consume food normally, walk again, and even leave the house, though she remained weak and tired.

One year later, on Good Friday, 1926, she experienced the tragic scenes of the Passion in her flesh for the first time. That day, at one o'clock in the morning, tears of blood appeared in the corner of her eyes. After a while a thin, crimson trickle began to flow down her pale, twitching, tormented face. Convulsions were jerking her body in sudden attacks. The thin trickle of blood was becoming a thick stream that poured down her waxen cheeks. She was living through the Passion, scene after scene, image after image, suffering what Christ suffered, transformed by her tremendous psychic sympathy for Jesus. Her body was palpitating, as though under the strokes of the Roman soldiers' scourging. Her back bent as if bearing an invisible cross. Eight wounds opened at the back of her head, bleeding profusely, from the crown of thorns. Her face writhing in pain, desperately she tried with twitching fingers to pull out the invisible thorns. As she reached the height of Calvary in her dolorous vision, the first realization dawned that death was close. For until the last minute she believed that Christ — or she — was only forced to carry some wood up the Garden of Gethsemane, and the crucifixion wasn't included in her vision from the beginning.

Blood streams down Therese Neumann's face, as blood streamed down Christ's face from the crown of thorns.

Now that death was imminent, her eyes stared upward, towards the sky, filled with an unworldly light. Her body grew rigid, arched, her fingers clenched convulsively and then relaxed. Slowly wounds were forming, first on the palms, then on the feet. The flesh broke as if driven apart by the penetrating spikes, blood spurting out in sudden gashes.

Then there was a last spasmodic movement. Then the vision ended and her head fell to the side of the pillow, and life ceased to pulsate in her body.

These things she has described as happening to her when the visions overtake her as she lies in bed.

Horror-stricken, Therese's father, mother and nine brothers and sisters stood around the first time, trembling, weeping. Presently they fell on their knees, moving their lips in silent prayers. . . .

With unfailing regularity the miracle of Konnersreuth has occurred each Friday since that day.

Science has been unable to explain it. Occult as the happenings were, the mystery became still more

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Dr. Richard Hodgson, great skeptic and exposer of fraudulent mediums.

When a Famous Skeptic Bowed To Spiritism

By Dr. Hereward Carrington

A LITTLE MORE than half a century ago, a young woman attended a private demonstration of magnetic healing, in company with several of her friends. Little did she suspect the momentous upshot of that chance visit. For it was while the demonstration was in progress that she went into trance, remaining totally unconscious for some time. When she regained consciousness she found her friends clustered about her, pale-faced, and heard from their lips that she had been entranced and that, while in that condition, she had made a number of statements regarding them and their friends and relatives which she could not possibly have known. She discovered that she was a medium! Mrs. Leonore E. Piper was launched, all unwittingly, on her life-long career as a medium.

It was not for some years, however, that the attention of the scientific world was drawn to her extraordinary phenomena, and then in a curious and roundabout manner. The maidservant of Professor William James attended some sittings and reported the case to Mrs. James, who in turn told him. A few séances convinced him that Mrs. Piper did indeed possess extraordinary mental powers, and a short time later he turned Mrs. Piper over to Dr. Richard Hodgson, then secretary of the Society for Psychical Research, who studied her minutely for more than twenty years.

Dr. Hodgson, who had exposed many fraudulent mediums, began as a great skeptic. He had Leonore Piper shadowed by detectives, and, subsequently, all her correspondence was checked in order to see whether or not she obtained any knowledge of her sitters by normal means. Becoming convinced that such was not the case, he settled down to the serious study of her mediumship, and ended by becoming completely convinced not only of the truth of her manifestations, but also a convinced spiritist. He believed that those who had died spoke and wrote through her.

At no time did Mrs. Piper obtain any physical phenomenon; she merely passed into trance, very deep trance, and various personalities spoke through her mouth. Later on they wrote by means of her hand. The first of these was a young Indian girl and a French doctor, giving his name as Phinuit. Later this control was replaced by a group of controls who called themselves Imperator, Rector, Doctor, Prudens, etc. They were the same controls who had previously manifested themselves through another famous medium in England—William Stainton Moses.

Most of Eleonore Piper's life was spent in Boston, though she visited England on several occasions, where she was studied by Sir Oliver Lodge, Dr. Walter Leaf, Mrs. Henry Sidgwick, and others. All of these became convinced, as had James and Hodgson before them, that Mrs. Piper possessed extraordinary powers, and many of them also ended by becoming convinced spiritualists.

Mrs. Piper would sit at a table, a pile of cushions before her. She would then gradually pass into trance, in which state she was impervious to pain and was unconscious of everything that happened around her. Then her head would fall forward upon the cushions, nose and mouth arranged so that she could breathe. The right hand and arm would then reach out, and a pencil would be placed in the hand. Automatic writing would then proceed, and the communications were thus obtained.

It was not that the writing itself was any miracle; it was the *content* of the message—what the writing *said*. For in these trance states Mrs. Piper would give names, dates and facts of all kinds which she certainly did not know and had no means of finding out. As William James expressed it, in his *Psychology*, she was in possession of knowledge which she could not have acquired "by the normal use of her eyes and ears and wits."

The shrewd, level-headed secretary for a psychical research group had Leonore E. Piper, one of America's most important test mediums, shadowed by detectives and keenly studied by a silent assistant who hid his identity to the point of wearing a mask.

In this country Professor James H. Hyslop had a number of sittings with this medium, as well as many other scientific men. I had a series of sittings with Mrs. Piper more than thirty years ago, which I still remember vividly. In them my mother and father purported to communicate, as well as Dr. Hodgson, who had then recently passed over. The details of these sittings I hope to publish some day.

To illustrate the care used by the early investigators, I will cite one example. When Professor Hyslop obtained his first sittings, the arrangements were all made by Dr. Hodgson, and Mrs. Piper had no idea as to who her sitter was to be. It was in the days before automobiles, so Professor Hyslop drove up to the house in a closed carriage, wearing a black mask, which completely concealed his face. Hodgson went to the window and waved for him to come in. He did so, tiptoeing across the room and taking his place in a chair behind Mrs. Piper.

Throughout this entire sitting he never uttered a word. All the talking was done by Dr. Hodgson. Before Mrs. Piper came out of trance Hyslop left the room, entered his cab and was driven away. Even had the medium been in a normal state, and her eyes open, she could not have seen the sitter; and even if she had seen him, she would only have observed a silent, masked man whose identity was unknown. This procedure was followed during all the initial sittings.

Mrs. Leonore E. Piper, who, after forty years of mediumship, is seventy today.

Yet during these sittings Professor Hyslop's name was given, the names of many members of his family, coming from the small town of Xenia, Ohio, and so much detailed, family history that it took Hyslop over six months of continuous correspondence to verify all the material told him during the sittings.

Where did this knowledge come from? Here was a woman asleep in North Boston, telling of events which had occurred seventy years ago in the Mid-West, where she had never been. She certainly never obtained this information by means of her normal senses. Much of it referred to memories of those long dead, who claimed to be present, communicating this material. If it did not emanate from that source, whence did it come?

Here is a problem for science—the science of the future, the coming science. It is a crying shame that psychologists today, for the most part, merely ignore and ridicule such facts, instead of investigating them and trying to understand them. For, on any theory, we are confronted with a problem of gigantic magnitude.

HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE who have sat with Mrs. Piper have become convinced that they have talked with their dead relatives and friends through her, and that a future life has been proved thereby. No mere generalities were given, but specific facts, which were often verified only with difficulty. All the appearances were that Mrs. Piper's soul was in some manner removed from her body, during the trance state, and somehow replaced by another spiritual entity, who then succeeded in communicating through her. The thoughts, memories and personalities of those who had gone before were identified in this manner.

One of the best communicators was G. P., who was in real life George Pelham. He not only wrote himself, but helped many others to come thorugh, and for years proved a most useful collaborator. He and Hodgson had many intimate talks together.

The main problem in the case of Leonore Piper, and all similar cases, was to identify the communicator, and this can only be done by proving personal identity. By this I mean that John Doe in life had a certain individuality of his own, and possessed certain viewpoints, ideas, memories, and so forth, which were personal and essentially his own. Because of these he *was* John Doe. Now the personality of man after death is said to be essentially the same as before, so that Doe would continue to be the same person. If, therefore, we could get in touch with him, through the instrumentality of some living mechanism (a medium) and talk to him, he should be able to identify himself by giving certain memories and facts about himself which only he would be liable to

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London's Famous Tower

By Tomaso Cellani

Author of "Hauntings That Last for Centuries," Etc.

ANNE BOLEYN haunts the Tower of London even today! No building on earth—certainly no building in Great Britain—is richer in tragic history than the Tower of London. Like the Bastille in France, the Tower served for many centuries as a state prison. Unlike the Bastille, however, it is still standing, full of memories and relics of the past.

Offhand, one might think that such a place would be crowded, during the heavy London nights, with the wraiths of the many hundreds who have been murdered and executed there or of those who have died under the horrible rigors of torture. The exact contrary is true. The Tower of London has been a place of death, but its ghosts are few—though definite and startling.

Yet this is probably not amazing when one considers that most of those who there met their death were well prepared for it. The majority of those who died on Tower Hill went to their doom nobly resigned, and a great many of them even assisted the executioner by signaling for the axe to fall. Thus, as any competent spiritist will realize, they found an easy, effortless passage to the Other World and were not obliged to linger either at the scene of their imprisonment or execution.

The entrance to the "Bloody Tower," where ghosts have persisted for centuries in their hauntings.

For this reason the occasional hauntings of the Tower of London create a greater stir than most others. People are always eager to speculate as to whose ghost was seen—and the mystery of the ghost's identity is rarely solved for several reasons. For one, the generations which knew them in their earthly form have long since passed away. For another, we of today have only the paintings in England's National Portrait Gallery, but these are of very little help, as a rule, for the very simple reason that the visible ghosts of the Tower are usually headless and even then almost indistinguishable in the fogginess that covers the city and penetrates the stony interiors of the ancient fortress.

Then, too, the hauntings do not always involve materialized spirits. Frequently they have been the mysterious opening and closing of doors or the sounds of "human" voices. There also have been raps and knocks, though this type of phenomena is by no means common.

The earliest reported haunting of the Tower of London dates from the time of Henry VIII, when the headless revenant of Queen Anne Boleyn was first seen. The latest began last October, to the confusion and complete mystification of the members of the Oxford and Bucks Light Infantry, now stationed in the Tower.

As reported in the London *Daily Mail,* this most recent haunting (the first important one since 1864) consists of a single, blood-curdling scream which echoes and re-echoes through the massive edifice each midnight just as the Tower clock sends its twelfth tone upon the air. It starts as a groan which raises in pitch and increases in intensity until, as a climax, it ends in a ghastly shriek. Then there is silence, broken only by the

Still Boasts of Ghosts

Out of the heavy, supernatural pall of the Tower's ancient hauntings comes a new and alarming manifestation of ghoulish power. It came last October to commence terrifying soldiers at midnight with its ghastly moans and shrieks. . . . .

sounds of the River Thames nearby. The soldiers have sought in vain for the ghost. They were at first firmly convinced that the shriek was a joke played by one of their own members. They adopted various stratagems to capture the phantom, such as concealing watchmen in the shadows and galleries and running networks of strings and twine across open windows and archways. But always they have failed. The voice is heard, and when lights are played in the direction of the sound, there is nothing to be seen.

A physical manifestation, which may or may not be a part of this haunting, is the flying open of huge doors without apparent cause. This has been reported by wives of several officers who make their residence in the Tower.

THE DIFFICULTY of the present ghost hunt will be clear when the reader remembers that the Tower of London is not a single building, but actually a great medieval fortress, complete with a number of towers, walls, battlements, turrets, and so on, covering an area several city blocks in size. These walls are some fifteen feet thick at the base and are full of long, eerie halls and passages. The place as a whole is quite capable of housing hundreds of people. At one time the Tower contained within its precincts: the palace of the English court, the royal menagerie, the royal armory and arsenal, the royal mint, as well as barracks for soldiers, several chapels and churches, quarters for state prisoners, torture chambers, and apartments for the many servants and warders who lived there. It was, in fact, for many years the physical center of the English Kingdom. If a ghost haunts the Tower, therefore, he has dozens of apartments, passages, galleries, dungeons, chambers, and various buildings, towers, and chapels into which to vanish.

As to the identity of the "new" ghost, that is a difficult matter. Indeed, one authority on the Tower, Major-General Sir George Younghusband, goes so far as to write:

"Not improbably the Tower is free of ghosts, or the visible spirits of those who suffered there, because these have long since lost interest in the place. Some of them died more than four hundred years ago, and reasons for haunting their old prison must have long since departed."

Nevertheless—reason or not—there have been these occasional hauntings. Queen Anne Boleyn, for instance, was clearly seen and identified as recently as the 1860's, a headless, white-draped figure, carrying her head under her arm and wandering about the chamber she occupied before her execution. To explain these appearances and manifestations, we need not seek for reasons from the spirit's point of view necessarily. It is enough that some of their deaths were violent and found the victims unprepared for the spirit world. They probably did not know what had happened to them, and some of them, perhaps, are still in that anomalous state between the two worlds.

Such, for example, may be the case of that unfortunate Countess of Salisbury, whose execution in 1541 was one of the worst in the terrible annals of the Tower. She did not want to die (though she was more than seventy years of age), and utterly refused to co-operate with her executioner. We therefore can imagine the horror of the scene.

As one writer puts it, the headsman was obliged to do a "slovenly" job. The aged woman ran screaming about the scaffold, pursued by the headsman, who finally hewed her down with his axe. Even hardened guards and warders felt themselves forced to cover their eyes with

Henry VIII and Queen Anne Boleyn. Her pitiful ghost is still reported to haunt the tower.

their hands to close out so abominable a sight. Aged though she was, she obviously was still very much of the material world and quite unready for the journey to the Other Side. And though it is all but four hundred years since the awful day of her death, her spirit is reported to still be haunting the precincts of Tower Hill.

But perhaps the "new" phantom is the ghost of Sir James Tyrrel, the man who engineered the double murder of the boy king, Edward V, and his little brother, the Duke of York. Behind Sir James, of course, was the evil Duke of Gloucester who later became King Richard III. Tyrrel, however, met his death under the axe on Tower Hill, not far from the "Bloody Tower," in which, on a dark night in 1483, he caused three hired assassins to creep into the chamber where the children lay sleeping. One of the boys was smothered; the other, stabbed. Both were secretly buried by a priest, and their grave was not discovered for nearly two centuries, at which time their bones were gathered up and inhumed at Westminster Abbey.

The crime of Sir James Tyrrel was more than a political maneuver to grab the throne for Richard. It was a crime against innocence. It was a crime to be regretted both here and in the Other World. It was a crime that might well entail centuries of woeful wandering for the spirit who, in his earthly form, was guilty of it. These cries that split the wintry London nights may very well be those of the unhappy, homeless revenant of Sir James, slayer of the little Princes.

They might be those of King Henry VI, who was murdered by Richard himself in the oratory of the Wakefield Tower. Here is another example of the ruthlessness of early politics. When we read of the violence with which men climbed to their thrones, and with which they often were pulled off, we wonder that there are not more ghosts to be encountered in the dark corners of the Tower. It was then a mad world, and of all men then living, Richard III was the maddest, the cruelest, the most violent.

ONE OF THE few ghosts of the Tower that has been positively identified is that of Simon, Lord Frazer of Lovat. He sometimes is seen in the form of a figure clad in the cloak and hood of a monk. The head is not on the shoulders, however, but carried about under the arm. This Lord Lovat is a distinguished member in the list of the Tower's prisoners, for he was the last to be beheaded on the Tower Hill. The circumstances of his execution are more than usually interesting, for had his wishes been fulfilled after his death, his ghost would probably have been at rest all these years.

He was an old man, some eighty years old, when he was sentenced, in 1747, for having taken a leading part in the Stuart uprising against King George II. He brought his practical Scot's wit to the gloomy walks and rooms of the Tower, and was quite prepared to meet his fate. Everything had been settled—especially, the matter of the disposition of his body, which was to have been sent north to the Lovat family vault at Kirkhill, Scotland. However, after the execution, things went wrong, beginning with the undertaker. This person, aware that Lord Lovat had a great, though unpopular, reputation among the people as a rebel, decided to profit on the remains.

He set up the severed head and body of Lord Lovat as a gruesome public display in his undertaking rooms and charged a price of admission to the crowds of morbidly curious. The result of this, naturally, was a great scandal, and it seems that during the excitement, the plans made by Lord Lovat himself were forgotten. The remains were never sent to Scotland, but found their way instead to the Chapel of St. Peter-ad-Vincula, in the Tower, where also lie the bones of that other arch-haunter, Queen Anne Boleyn. As for Lord Lovat's ghost, the explanation of this haunting is that that spirit will wander about the Tower of London until the earthly relics are exhumed and taken to the vault at Kirkhill. As Lord Lovat's ghost is usually silent and only seen at rare and irregular intervals, it is not likely that it is responsible for the screams that are now shattering the vast silences of the Tower each midnight.

The ghost of Anne Boleyn is likewise a silent apparition: a white-draped figure carrying its head under its arm.

When her head fell from her shoulders on that fatal day in 1536, the people looked around for the coffin so that the head and the body, clad in blood-drenched garments, could be stowed decently

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A youthful portrait of the Countess of Salisbury, whose spirit is said to have been bound to the Tower since 1541.

Everybody a Medium, Says Maude Kline

By Reginald Rhodes

Her belief that personal profit causes loss of psychic power makes Miss Kline a living denial to the charge by skeptics that all mediums are hopelessly mercenary.

THE MAUDE KLINE mediumship continues to progress in prestige, consistently and without setbacks, over a plentiful field of mediums, some good, some mediocre, some very inferior, but most of whom come and go with unstable rapidity. Hailed as queen of the billet readers, Miss Kline's record is unusual for steady, continuous work. But most interesting to this writer was Miss Kline's agreement with him that, as is taught in the East, mediumship for profit or for personal ambition is certain to result ultimately in loss of psychic power. And Miss Kline lives according to her precepts. She is an active, living denial to the charge made by skeptics that all mediums are hopelessly mercenary.

Several very high-salaried vaudeville contracts have been offered Miss Kline, but she has refused them all.

"I wouldn't accept anything of a showy type," she stated. "My work is purely religious work, and I always have and always will refuse to theatricalize my spiritual mediumship at any cost."

Youthful, under middle-age, and of a vibrant personality, Maude Kline's people have been spiritualists for four generations; her great grandfather was a medium. Born in Horton, Kansas, Miss Kline is at present a missionary medium at large for the National Spiritualist Association. Most of her work is done in complete trance, which is partly induced by pressure upon certain nerve centers by the tightness of the blindfold she wears.

Maude Kline, missionary at large for the National Spiritualist Association.

Many reliable witnesses swear to Miss Kline's power of producing independent voices from the spirit world, and say that these voices have sounded near her in brightly lighted rooms and even from the platforms of public halls.

Miss Kline does not claim to always be able to guarantee a message from a departed entity. "Spiritual power," she said, "can not be turned on and off like a water faucet."

But when Miss Kline is in touch with her spirit guide, Mayflower, who has been with her since she was nine years old, her record for blindfolded billet reading is amazing — seventy-eight sealed billets correctly read and answered in sixty-three minutes! This included passing sealed billets among the audience and quoting their questions verbatim.

Maude Kline, like all people who have reached perfection in some particular talent, is a big person.

"There is no great mystery to mediumship," she told this writer during an interview in October at the annual convention of the National Spiritualist Association in Indianapolis. "Everybody has that power in some degree—at least, clairvoyance and clairaudience. It is all a matter of development."

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"PSYCHOMETRY IS

Rev. Evan Shea continues the fascinating story of his career as a spiritualistic medium. He also answers in this article, by psychometrizing letters, ten questions selected from hundreds written to him by TRUE MYSTIC SCIENCE readers. Ten more questions from readers will be answered by Rev. Shea in the next issue. For simple instructions on how you may receive a psychometry reading from Shea, whether published or not, turn to page 162.

I HAVE TOLD YOU in my first article how psychical and spiritual power came to me at a very early age. I have told you of the tragedy that entered my life just before I acquired metaphysical powers—of how the passing of my boyhood sweetheart, Hannah, made these powers possible for me.

As time passed, my family became engrossed with all things spiritual. They talked spiritualism, phenomena, spirits, etc., constantly, because of the psychic ability I had developed. It was an everlasting subject in the home.

Our family started to attend séances and demonstrations of all types. They even held small meetings for friends and neighbors in the home—and I gave the messages. It was completely new to all who gathered at our home. Every Saturday night I was kept awake all hours giving messages. At times it would become a bit boring to me, but, as a whole, I did not mind it.

I would always go with the family when they attended a public meeting. On one such occasion the medium suddenly stopped her messages, and pointing to me, said:

"Will that little boy in the rear come to the platform and give us a few messages?"

Everyone in the room turned around and looked at me askance! I shrank into my seat. I would have enjoyed disappearing.

After much coaxing from the medium, the audience and my parents, I timidly ventured to the platform. I was quivering with a strange feeling—an anticipatory feeling! The room and the people revolved around in a swirl—a mad, glad, tumultuous rhythm. My feelings were rather paradoxical—I felt a great surging of strength, yet I could barely walk. I reached the platform after what seemed to be an endless march.

The medium assisted me to the high platform. I was practically unconscious, yet most conscious of everything. I tried to smile, but my face seemed frozen. I tried to talk—my lips moved, but no wards came forth. I believe I babbled! I wanted to escape. Then Hannah appeared! She appeared suddenly, smiling happily—confidently. I saw her clearly. My Hannah was with me! She seemed to belong there. She seemed a natural part of the whole procedure.

I returned her smile, happily, eagerly. I no longer wanted to escape. I suddenly felt a great confidence—I was in control of myself—and the situation.

Hannah talked to me, clearly and distinctly. She assured, put words into my mouth, into my consciousness—and I talked to the people, the clients of the medium. Hannah told me what to say, and so I talked and talked, guided and inspired. I was in a different world. I was not Evan Shea but, rather, someone who was part of another world. I was a person guided by spirit! And Hannah was my guide.

After a few messages I wanted to stop. I thought I had finished, although Hannah was still there. The audience would not allow me to stop. They insisted that I continue. With the medium's consent, and insistence, I continued on and on until finally I had answered all the questions. Everyone in the meeting had an answer to his or her question. The medium then took charge, and after the closing prayer, the meeting was over. I stepped down from the platform amidst the applause of the gathering and the medium. And so I had taken another step. For the first time I had delivered a message from a church platform. For the first time I had delivered professional messages. I liked it!

SOON AFTER this meeting the telephone in our home started to ring — ring — ring. People — strangers — phoned for private appointments. They wanted to know where I held my meetings. They wanted to know this, that and the other thing. I was suddenly, almost violently, thrust into the world of professional spiritual phenomena. Telephones, voices, people, symbols, strangers, spirits, money, God, faith, belief—all revolved around me like a cyclone. And I was only a child! But I was unafraid because of my faith—and my ignorance.

I would advise people, help them. They came to me in droves—and paid me money. My privacy was invaded. My aloneness was dissipated, it was all one grand nightmare—and I liked it!

But in time I learned many things. I soon learned, if I held an object—a ring or watch, or compact—of a client in my hand, I could discern more clearly. I learned if they would write their problematical questions on a piece of paper and fold it up, the questions would become more to the point. I found I could do better and more pertinent work in this way—and so I became a psychometrist. My procedure changed completely. Through psychometry I was a better psychic.

As time passed, various mediums and psychics asked me to join their churches. Many offered me a night of my own. After appearing at the meetings and churches of many mediums, I decided it was time to start my own organization. By this time I had gathered quite a following. We formed a committee and called meetings. We elected officers and applied for corporation papers. In the course of time we were duly incorporated. I was

MY LIFE"

By Rev. Evan Shea
Author of "Spirit Belief Sways Nations"

elected president, and we started having our own meetings in our own place.

This was our beginning, and we called our church the Church of Spiritual Commune. At that time I was not an ordained minister, merely the president of this religious organization. We held meetings several times weekly, and I conducted the services. The meetings grew and developed, and soon the Church of Spiritual Commune was established and I was recognized as a professional psychic.

For those who have never attended a message service such as this I shall explain just how it is done. When you enter the church you are greeted by an attendant who gives you a pencil and small pad of paper. You take your seat and proceed to write down several questions you have in mind. You fold the paper and place it on the table, along with a personal object such as a ring, watch, compact, pen, or anything else used or worn by you frequently. All the questions and objects are kept in sequence so that the first to arrive will be the first answered.

The room or hall is well lighted; in fact, most of the lighting is over the platform or table. I use a plain library table, uncovered and open. I do not enter the room until it is time to begin the service. In this way there cannot be any sizing up of people beforehand.

When the time comes to start the service, I enter the room and go directly to the platform, and after the usual greetings, introductory talk and prayer, I pick up the first object and paper containing the questions. I hold them tightly in my hand and immediately proceed to talk about the questions or the personality involved. I do not read the questions until I have completely finished my message, nor do I ask the ownership of the article. There cannot possibly be any pre-information or pre-knowledge working in this manner.

As I talk I usually keep my eyes closed, listening and watching for the symbols and words of my guide, Hannah. Sometimes Hannah tells me a message, word for word. At other times I see only the symbol and must interpret it myself. These various interpretations I have gradually learned through the years. At other times I merely feel a "yes" or "no." And so I guide myself accordingly. Then I ask the ownership, read the written questions silently, and do any further explaining or supplementing necessary.

I always make it a point to give the client an opportunity to affirm or deny the messages. This finished, I take the next article and question and continue on until all are answered. The articles are returned individually to the client, by the attendant, at the time the questions are answered. A final prayer, and the meeting is finished.

Always, under any and every condition, I protect the questions of the client. I never reveal a question and never insinuate situations. I say exactly what I mean without inferences or subtle innuendoes. I promise in the introductory talk that I will avoid personalities and embarrassment. I consider this an absolute necessity in public meetings. People come for help, and it would be unkind and ungodly to hurt them before their friends and acquaintances or relatives.

Rev. Evan Shea, pastor of the Sixteenth Branch of Spiritual Mother Church, N. Y. C.

THIS IS THE usual procedure in the church where I am minister—simple, direct, unaffected. Of course, as in everything else, there are other methods used by the different workers. In some meetings you do not write questions. The minister or medium points you out and gives you a message, allowing you to ask a question at the time. I do not believe this to be a fair method. I say "fair" not with an unscrupulous thought, but fair for the client. An audience is at a disadvantage in any meeting — religious or otherwise. They could not feel free to ask questions that may be close to their hearts —especially personal ones. And most questions *are* personal.

Then again, there is the method of using only ballots—questions written and sealed. This method could be just as authentic and genuine as any other, but it does offer an excellent opportunity for cheating. The sly, old trick of reading one ahead can only be used to advantage with this method.

Reading one ahead means, the operator, or pseudo-medium, takes up the first question and gives a dummy answer. A stooge in the audience accepts the message

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HE SAVES SOULS

By Rex. Grahame

REV. NOAH T. WILLETTE'S specialty is lost souls. One of his greatest desires is to help those of his brethren who have left this earth plane and do not yet know what has happened to them. That this is perhaps Willette's supreme effort in life in connection with his pastorship of the Sacred Science Church, 838 West 68th Street, Chicago, Ill., I felt sure during my most recent interview with him. Robust, determined, formerly a United States Marine, there appears in his steady brown eyes a certain expression of intense compassion, peculiar to the true psychic, when he talks of lost spirits he has helped to "find themselves." Particularly talented in mental psychics, clairvoyance and clairaudience, Rev. Willette also accomplishes in his sleep some of his best contacts with those who have passed on, while functioning on the higher astral plane. It is stimulating for any believer in the survival of man after death to listen to the genuine sincerity with which Willette describes these visitations. And it was one of Rev. Willette's most dramatic cases which he and this writer reviewed together quite recently: the case of a drowned boy who did not know that he had passed on, who appeared con-

Again and again the dripping spectre of the drowned boy appeared, but in his bewildered state of consciousness the boy did not realize his own death and could tell where his body was. And it was a famous Chicago medium's job to find out. . . .

stantly to Willette but was unable—because of his bewildered state of consciousness—to reveal the resting place of his body and thus ease a distracted mother who could have no peace of mind until her son's body was given a religious, loving burial.

Seven boys of the Oasis Club of Chicago left the home of Chester Cygan, 2758 South Keeler Avenue, Chicago, Ill., at 1:30 P. M. of March 20th, 1938, to spend the afternoon on Duck Lake, Lake County, Ill., in a boat driven by outboard motor. The boys took turns riding in the boat, which was not large enough to hold them all. It was while Joseph Senstak and Chester Cygan were having their turn in the craft that tragedy arrived—for Chester, who had barely reached early manhood.

Joseph's description, given at the inquest held on April 14th, of exactly what happened when the outboard motor of the boat unexpectedly stopped, follows:

Florence Thomas and Noah T. Willette stare out over the waters of Duck Lake, where only the grim, symbolic spectre of death—silent and unhelpful—knew the hiding place of Chester Cygan's body.

"I stood up to go back to help Chester, slipped and fell out of the boat. Being an expert swimmer, however, I had no difficulty in returning to the boat, but as I drew myself up into it, it partially filled with water, which continued to rush in from the stern. In a moment the boat began to sink.

"When the motor had become submerged and we found ourselves knee deep in water, I told Chester to jump into the lake and followed after him calling for help.

"After going under six or seven times, I was compelled to let go of him, to save my own life, and reached the boat, where I hung on until a boy whom we called 'Buck' rowed over, picked me up and brought me to shore."

There was no more information than this, no slightest direct clue to the location of Chester's body—only perhaps some grim keeper of the dead, hovering over the icy waters, silent and unhelpful.

More than 150 men, working night and day for two weeks, struggled with a net 2,100 feet long, and grappling hooks, to bring in the body of Chester—but to no avail. And Chester Cygan's mother, a Polish woman of unusually devout adherence to her particular religious faith, became more and more distraught. Nothing could possibly ease her afflicted mind but recovery of Chester's body and burial under the auspices of her church.

Rev. Noah T. Willette, pastor of Chicago's Sacred Science Church. Formerly a United States Marine, Willette is now a leading N. S. A. medium.

But meanwhile Noah T. Willette and Mrs. Florence Thomas — both are certified mediums belonging to the National Spiritualist Association—were exercising their spiritistic powers in the cause of a heartbroken mother's almost unbearable grief. For Mr. Donald B. MacNeal, whose summer home is built on the east side of Duck Lake, had suggested that the Cygan family ask Willette for aid. This he did specifically when Lillian Cygan came to him for aid.

Having unquestioning faith in the power of the unseen, Noah T. Willette and Florence Thomas prepared to undertake one of the most exacting and difficult tasks of their occult careers. It was understood that there would be no money involved and that there would be no compensation for the services of the two mediums, who realized that the Cygan family had already spent all their available cash. The only reward they asked was to bring consolation and peace to the mind of Chester's mother. So the cost of several trips to Duck Lake was gladly financed by Rev. Willette.

Rev. Willette, Donald MacNeal, Florence Thomas and Lillian Cygan left Chicago on Monday night, April 4th, and arrived at the MacNeal home on Duck Lake at midnight. After a short repast a séance was held. An additional person was present at the séance, Mrs. Ella MacNeal, Donald MacNeal's mother. Three of those attending knew nothing of Willette's and Mrs. Thomas' spiritualistic faith. But they had already had plenty of proof of the power possessed by the two Chicago mediums.

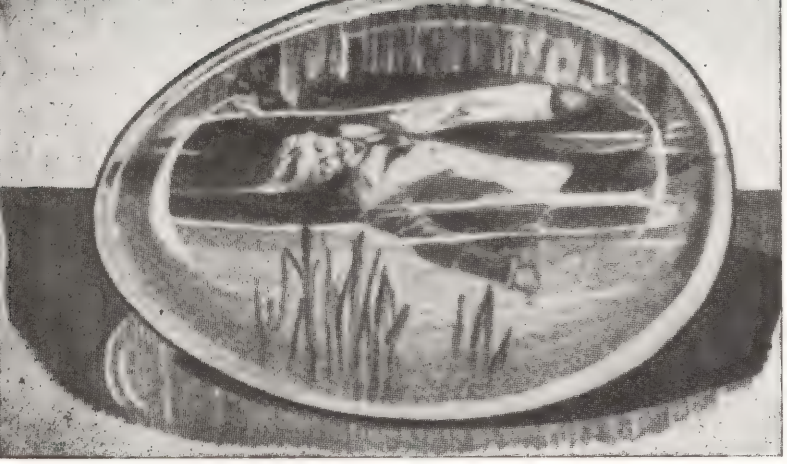
The deceased boy's full name had been brought out by Willette, also the name of the boy in the boat with him, at a time when Willette could not have had this knowledge by normal means. He also gave a description of the dead boy's clothes. This description was contested by Lillian Cygan, but later Willette was proven correct in every detail.

During the first séance at the MacNeal home, commencing half an hour after midnight, Mrs. Thomas sank into a state of complete trance. Rev. Willette, thoroughly familiar with her work for five years, requested her spirit guide to cause the unconscious Mrs. Thomas to draw a map showing where Chester had been drowned and where the body would be found. Mrs. Thomas' limp hand, controlled by her guide, Blue Feather, traced the map requested.

The séance took place in a brightly lighted room, and the map has been attested to and witnessed by a notary public. Rev. Willette, however, has such a strong attachment for this map that he could not be prevailed upon to take it from the files of the Sacred Science Church of Chicago long enough for an engraving to be made for publication purposes.

At 1:15 A. M. on the morning of April 5th an attempt was made with the aid of the map to locate Chester's body, but snow, sleet and extreme cold forced the party to return to the MacNeal home. Another attempt was made by MacNeal and Willette at five in the morning. They spent three hours rowing on the water, but to no avail. The weather was too severe. In fact, Rev. Willette contracted a bad cold and was forced to return to Chicago, where he remained under a doctor's care for the balance of the week.

[*Continued on page 158*]



The body of the missing stockbroker, Foxwell, as seen by Von Bourg in his crystal.

MURDER IN THE CRYSTAL

CLAIRVOYANCE is technically against the law in England, and a severe punishment actually can be imposed upon conviction. Nevertheless, the police themselves have often had to admit the power of clairvoyance and other psychic talents. Two such instances were the strange case of the missing broker, Mr. Foxwell, and the Merstham tunnel affair, which took place shortly afterward in 1905.

Mr. Foxwell left his home at Thames Ditton one Saturday morning to go as usual to the city. He never returned.

"He has gone to America," the police declared, and nothing could move them from this conclusion.

But the family were convinced they were mistaken.

Mrs. Foxwell, the wife of the missing stockbroker, despairing of getting any satisfaction from the police, consulted a number of clairvoyants. Even they were unable to help her very much, and at last she went for advice to Dr. Abraham Wallace, Scotsman, who was one of Harley Street's distinguished specialists and also an ardent spiritualist. Dr. Wallace advised her to go to Von Bourg, a Swiss seer, who was having remarkable success in influential circles in the West End as a crystal gazer. The visions he saw in his egg-shaped crystal were remarkable and veridical.

Von Bourg knew nothing of Mrs. Foxwell when she called on him, beyond the note of introduction she gave from Dr. Wallace. She said simply that she wished him to look in the crystal for her. Von Bourg looked and saw the body of a man in water. He described its appearance.

"That's my husband," Mrs. Foxwell exclaimed, and Von Bourg learned for the first time the nature of her inquiry.

She at once wanted to know more. In what place was the body; could it be found?

"Let me look more closely," said Von Bourg, using his clairvoyance to strengthen vision in the crystal.

He saw that the water was the river Thames, and he was confident that the body would be recovered.

It was then towards the end of December, 1900, and he predicted that the body would be found in the Thames, a mile from the Foxwells' home, about five o'clock in the afternoon of January 31st, 1901, and that the head would show marks of a violent injury.

The exact spot was located at subsequent séances, and on January 31st a small group of people, including Dr. Abraham Wallace, Mrs. Foxwell and some friends went to the place indicated, a measured mile from the house. They went early in the afternoon. No gathering had ever been brought together in a manner so extraordinary, by a crystal gazer's prediction a month earlier that this was the spot where the body would be found at a certain hour on this particular afternoon.

What Von Bourg saw in his egg-shaped crystal when he used his clairvoyant power in the Merstham Tunnel Mystery.

For an hour or so nothing happened. A boat or two passed by the spot, and in a sort of backwater on the opposite side of the river, there was a man taking weeds from the water.

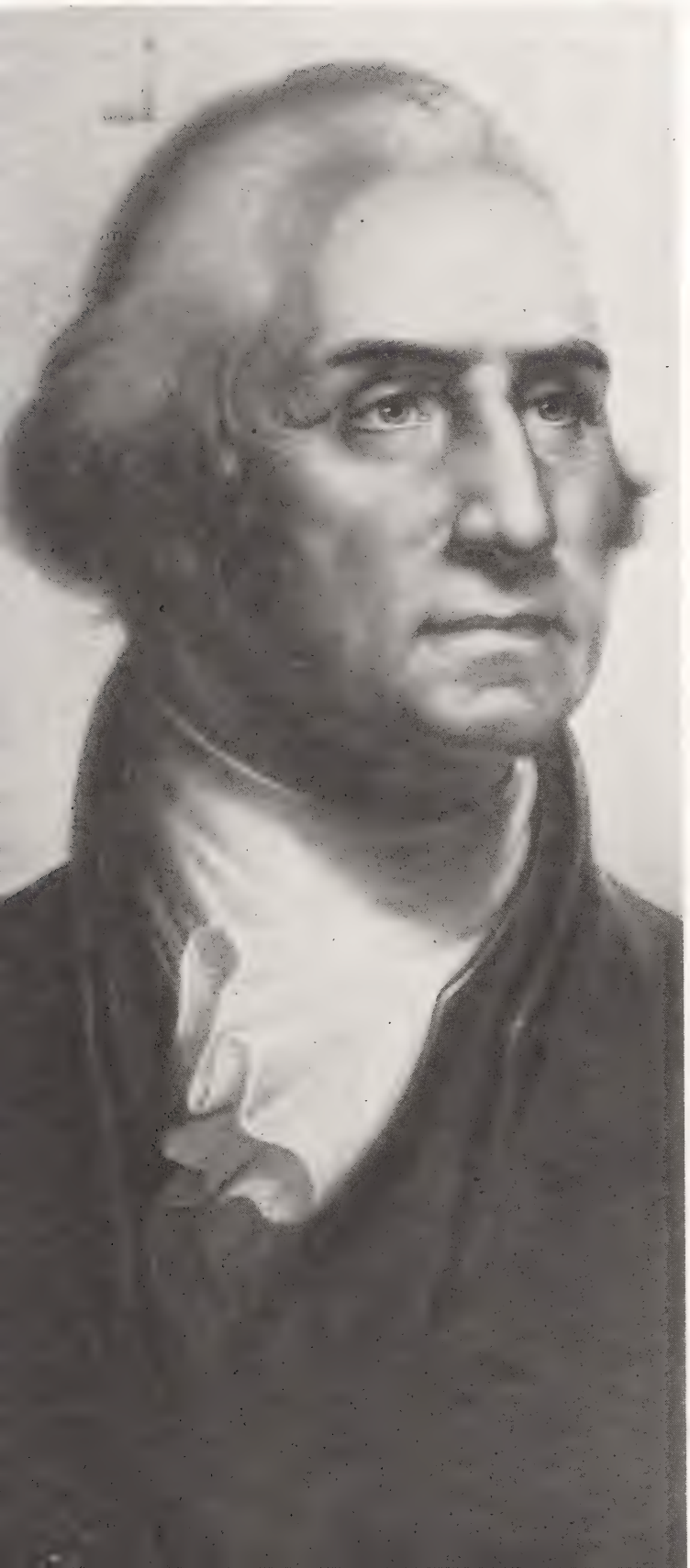
It was about half-past four when the man shouted that there was a body entangled in the weeds. The body was taken

[*Continued on page 152*]

Washington Was Psychic

By Ronald Thomas

GLOBE PHOTOS



ONE OF THE GREATEST proofs of psychic phenomena is to be found in the fact that scarcely a single great man in history has not had uncanny, supernormal powers of prevision or been guided by intelligent entities from another world. A typical example of this is the spirit visitation that brought to George Washington a prevision of the future history of the United States, including future wars and important national events. In fact, in 1777, Washington's vision included a vivid, panoramic picture of the far-off Civil War!

Anthony Sherman was one man to whom Washington detailed his great psychic experience, and an article published December, 1880, in the *National Tribune,* gives an accurate account of Washington's amazing vision, in the words of Anthony Sherman to Wesley Bradshaw.

"The last time I ever saw Anthony Sherman was on the fourth of July, 1859, in Independence Square," wrote Bradshaw in the *Tribune* article. "He was then ninety-nine years old, and becoming very feeble. But though so old, his dimming eyes rekindled as he gazed upon Independence Hall, which he came to visit once more.

" 'Let us go into the hall,' he said. 'I want to tell you an incident of Washington's life—one which no one alive knows of except myself; and, if you live, you will before long see it verified.'

" 'From the opening of the Revolution we experienced all phases of fortune, now good and now ill, one time victorious and another conquered. The darkest period we had, I think, was when Washington, after several reverses, retreated to Valley Forge, where he resolved to pass the winter of 1777. Ah! I have often seen the tears coursing down our dear commander's careworn cheeks, as he would be conversing with a confidential officer about the condition of his poor soldiers. You have doubtless heard the story of Washington's going to the thicket to pray. Well, it was not only true, but he used often to pray in secret for aid and comfort from God, the interposition of whose Divine Providence brought us safely through the darkest days of tribulation.' "

After this heartfelt preamble, the aged Anthony Sherman began a careful description to his friend Bradshaw of Washington's astounding vision.

" 'One day, I remember it well,' " said Sherman to Bradshaw, according to the *Tribune* article, " 'the chilly winds whistled through the leafless trees, though the sky was cloudless and the sun shone brightly, he remained in his quarters nearly all the afternoon alone. When he came out I noticed that his face was a shade paler than usual, and there seemed to be something on his mind of more than ordinary importance.' "

SHERMAN GOES ON to say that Washington returned shortly after dusk and dispatched an orderly to the quarters of the confidential officer before mentioned. This officer presented himself to Washington in a short time. The two held a preliminary conversation which lasted about half an hour, and then Washington related his amazing prevision in the following words as quoted from the *National Tribune:*

"I do not know whether it is owing to the anxiety of my mind, or what, but this afternoon, as I was sitting at this table engaged in preparing a dispatch, something seemed to disturb me. Looking up, I beheld standing opposite me a singularly beautiful female. So astonished was I, for I had given strict orders not to be disturbed, that it was some moments before I found language to inquire the cause of her presence. A second, a third, and even a fourth time, did I repeat my question, but received no answer from my mysterious visitor, except a slight raising of her eyes. By this time I felt strange sensations spreading through me. I would have risen, but the riveted gaze of the being before me rendered volition impossible. I assayed once more to address her, but my tongue had become useless. Even thought itself had become paralyzed. A new influence, mysterious, potent, irresistable, took possession of me. All I could do was to gaze steadily, vacantly, at my unknown visitant. Gradually the surrounding atmosphere seemed as though becoming filled with sensations, and grew luminous. Everything about me seemed to rarify, the mysterious visitor herself becoming more airy and yet more distinct to my sight than before. I now began to feel as one dying, or rather to experience the sensation which I have sometimes imagined accompanies dissolution. I did not think, I did not reason, I did not move; all were alike impossible. I was only conscious of gazing fixedly, vacantly, at my companion.

"Presently I heard a voice saying, 'Son of the republic, look and learn,' while at the same time my visitor extended her arm eastwardly. I now beheld a heavy white vapor at some distance, rising fold upon fold. This gradually dissipated, and I looked upon a strange scene. Before me lay spread out in one vast plain all the countries of the world—Europe, Asia, Africa and America. I saw rolling and tossing between Europe and America the billows of the Atlantic, and between Asia and America lay the Pacific.

" 'Son of the republic,' said the same mysterious voice as before, 'look and learn.'

"At that moment I beheld a dark, shadowy being, like an angel, standing, or rather floating, in mid-air, between Europe and America. Dipping water out of the ocean in the hollow of each hand, he sprinkled some upon America with his right hand, while with his left hand he cast some on Europe. Immediately, a cloud raised from these countries and joined in mid-ocean. For a while it remained stationary and then moved slowly westward until it enveloped America in its murky folds. Sharp flashes of lightning gleamed through it at intervals, and I heard the smothered groans and cries of the American people. A second time the angel dipped water from the ocean and sprinkled it out as before. The dark cloud was then drawn back to the ocean, in whose heaving billows it sank from view.

"A third time I heard the mysterious voice saying, 'Son of the republic, look and learn.'

"I cast my eyes upon America and beheld villages and towns and cities springing up one after another until the whole land from the Atlantic to the Pacific was dotted with them. Again I heard the mysterious voice say:

[*Continued on page 163*]

One of the famous paintings of Washington praying in the thicket. Inspirational moments such as this one brought him visionary power.

GLOBE PHOTOS

ACME NEWSPICTURES

President Franklin D. Roosevelt. His successor in 1940 will not serve out the presidential term, it is predicted.

How Planets Foretell the Destiny of America

By Grant Lewi

NATIONS, LIKE INDIVIDUALS, have horoscopes, and from those horoscopes a country's destiny, like that of the individual, may be read with amazing accuracy. The horoscope of a nation is a chart erected from the beginning of its life as a unit in the world-family of nations. In the case of the United States, this moment is well defined by the adoption of the Declaration of Independence, stating to the world that "these united colonies are and of right ought to be free and independent states."

The chart (opposite page) of the planetary positions at that moment is highly revealing. Gemini rises on the eastern horizon, with the revolutionary Uranus on the ascendant, immediately followed by Mars. The Sun, Jupiter, and Venus inhabit the business and domestic sign Cancer; and the Moon, ruler of Cancer and of the people, is close to the Mid-heaven in the humanitarian sign Aquarius, ruled by Uranus which, as we have seen, is placed on the ascendant.

The chart, then, of the birth of the United States is ruled by three planets: the Moon, the people, democracy; Uranus, revolution, and Mercury, ruler of the rising Gemini, business and intelligence.

Of primary significance is the rising Uranus, planet of revolution, and humanitarian progress. His position on the ascendant has a twin significance. First, it indicates that the United States were truly born in revolution, for the war had been on for over a year before the Declaration was signed. Second, and most important for our purposes of forecasting, he indicates a never-ceasing struggle forward on the part of the United States toward the Uranian ideals of humanitarianism and equality.

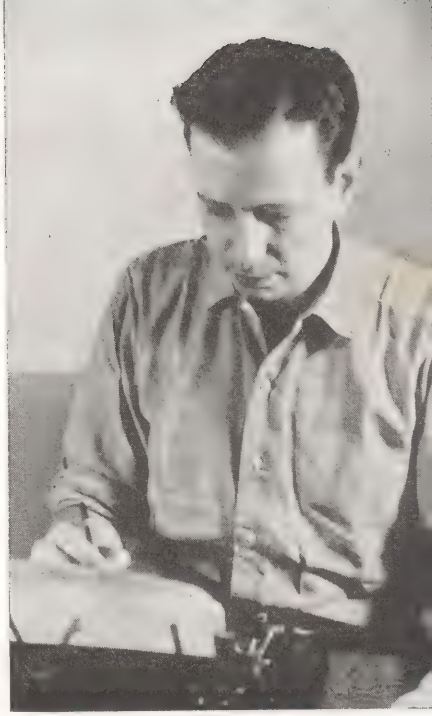
All this is stressed by the dominant position of the Moon, in Uranus' own sign Aquarius, flooding the entire chart from the Tenth House with the Light of the People. This Moon bears no afflictions, and is trine to both Mars and Saturn, which in turn are in trine to each other.

Thus, without going any further, it is apparent from the birth chart of our country that the primary destiny of the United States is to carry out, express, and serve, the will and welfare of the people. If this seems obvious, in the light of Twentieth Century developments, recall that in the Eighteenth Century, when the nation was born, it was a startling new idea, more revolutionary than communism is today, and viewed then very much as communism is today, as the dangerous pipe dream of a few unbalanced radicals. Democracy was new, and although America did not invent it, she gave it its first test in the modern world. In a very real sense, the United States, in the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution that followed it, set a model for the democratic thought which has persisted throughout the world since then.

Thus the manifest destiny of America is democracy, carried on and on until it finally serves truly the will of the people—the Moon—and brings to their use the material goods of the world—the Sun Jupiter and Venus in the second house—through equity—Mars, Moon and Saturn in trine—and the practical—Sun in Cancer—expression of the humanitarian ideals of Uranus.

Now this is a very simple proposition, so simple that it cannot be accomplished without difficulty. And that difficulty we have had, in our national life, in great abundance. Astrologically, the turmoil attendant upon our search for the pinnacle of the democratic ideal, is indicated by the rising Mars, square to Neptune, which has made it necessary for us to protect our principles (Uranus) at the point of the sword (Mars).

Down through the centuries the fate of kingdoms and empires has been sought in the stories the stars write in the heavens. And in the Twentieth Century the author of this article records the important predictions for the United States that he sees in the planets by means of his astrological science.

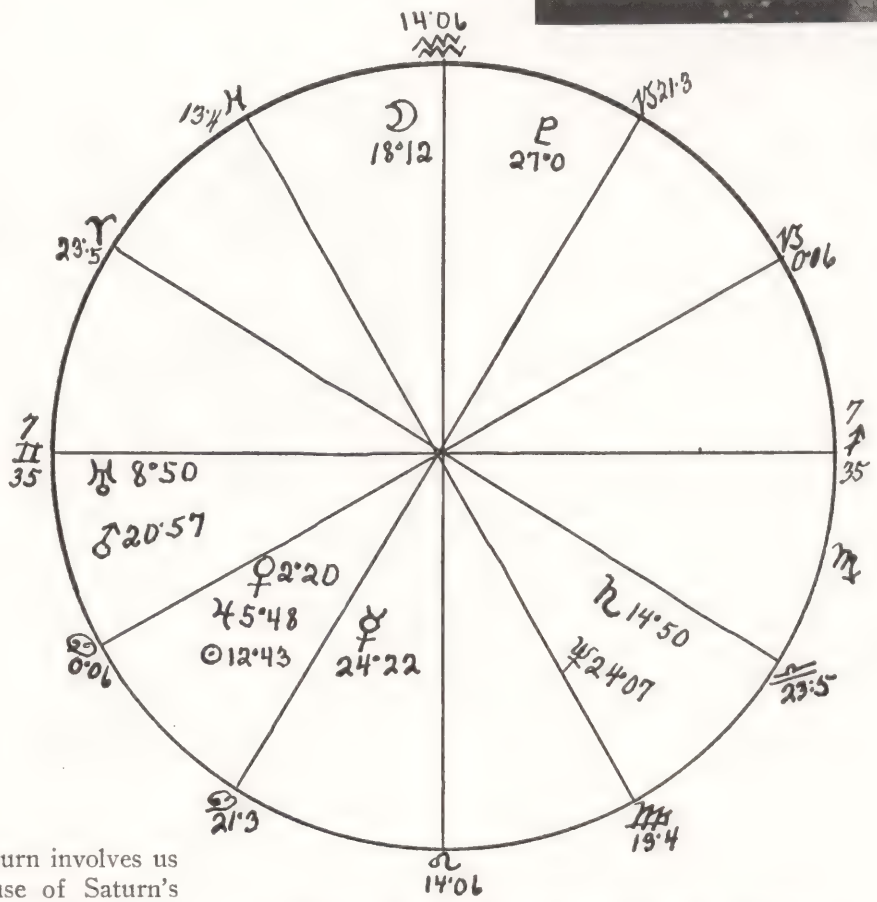


THE FIRST GREAT TEST came at the time of the Civil War, when slave holders in the South and manufacturers in the North came to blows over the question of slavery. The destructive effect of the selfishness of these parties is indicated by the square of the Sun to Saturn—an aspect of selfishness and acquisitiveness quite opposed to the democratic spirit of the nation as indicated by the rising Uranus and the Aquarius Moon. And this strife was precipitated just eighty-four years after the Declaration of Independence, when Uranus had moved all the way around the circle of the Zodiac and returned to his own place, on the ascendant, where he again stirred up strife for democracy, which, as in 1776, was triumphant.

At this time, the nation was led by the Aquarian President Lincoln, the embodiment of that "government by the people" which he so nobly defended and for which he gave his life. Note, too, that Washington, also strongly influenced by Aquarius, led the initial victory. The Aquarian Lincoln led the country in the first test democracy faced after the Revolution when, for the first time, Uranus returned to his own place.

Note that the strife here was *internal,* a condition indicated by the fact that all the afflictions of the chart are under the horizon and do not seriously involve us with foreign nations. The Sun rules the Fourth House—domestic affairs—and inhabits the Fourth Sign—Cancer. His square to Saturn involves us occasionally with foreign nations because of Saturn's rulership of the Ninth House; but the conjunction of the Sun to Jupiter (ruling 7th) gives us primarily good relations and much influence with other nations. It is ourselves who stir up our trouble, among ourselves. For the chief trouble-making planets of the chart are Mars in ascendant (ourselves) and the afflicted Neptune and Saturn in Fifth, representing children, and in general, internal affairs.

The only major foreign war we ever were in came when we had a Capricorn president, Wilson, whose Sun and Saturn unfavorably affected our national Ninth House of foreign nations. Yet Wilson, too, had strong Aquarian leanings—Moon, Mars and Venus in Aquarius—and his humanitarian aims as defined in the fourteen points would further have enhanced our international prestige, if the people—Moon of the U. S.—had not turned him down. There are plenty of astrological indications for this in both his chart and that of the nation.



Birth chart of the United States and (above) Grant Lewi, well-known New York astrologer.

We now face the future, and again, as in 1861, Uranus is going to return to Gemini and to his own place in the horoscope of the United States. What does this mean? It means simply that we are going to face again, not later than 1940, a challenge to democracy within our own country. It means that again interested parties—Sun square Saturn—will challenge democratic

[*Continued on page 158*]

YOUR PENSTROKE IS

By John H. Geller

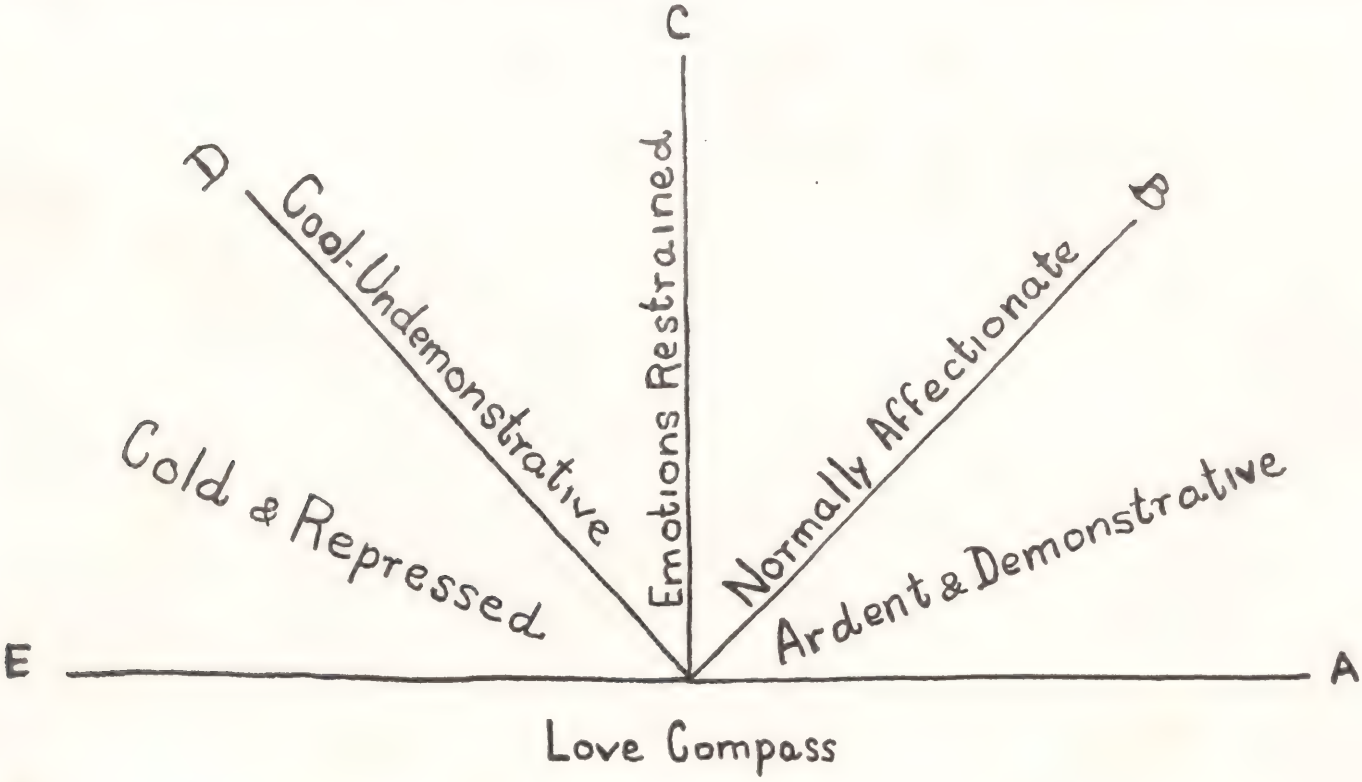
Author of "Penpoints of Fate," Etc.

THE GREATEST thing in the world is love. Yet the word "love" is the most used and also the most abused word in the human language. No word contains so much, means so many things and is understood so little. Graphology has taken love and placed it under the microscope for examination. The love compass which appears on this page attempts to capture this elusive quality and register its expression. Which way does your writing lean —to the right, to the left, or is it vertical? "C" is the dividing line, where head meets heart and the result is an emotional balance. Between "C" and "A" are various degrees of warmth and passion. Between "C" and "E" are all the corresponding degrees of coldness from mild restraint to frigidity. How affectionate you are will be shown by the angle or slope of your writing, as indicated by the love compass. Thus you can judge emotions in handwriting, laying a specimen beneath the love compass and gauging angle of the pen's strokes.

John H. Geller, well-known Northwest graphologist.

However, before we become too dogmatic about the love compass, it is important that we first analyze all the other components that determine the final product—love. First, there is the question of emotion, or sex magnetism. This is revealed by your pen pressure. If you apply your pen lightly, barely touching the surface of the paper, you are the spiritual type. Your sex urges will be of a minimum; you may not be interested in the opposite sex at all. On the other hand, if you lean heavily on your pen, thereby producing thick strokes, it is quite certain that the physical impulses play a vital part in your life.

Between these two extremes, there are various degrees of normal sex influence. Beyond the extreme pressure of the highly-sexed individual there also exists what is called the "muddy" or "pasty" writing. It is so thick that it is inclined to spread and take on an unwholesome appearance. Here we are dealing with a person who is sensual, over-sexed and given to extreme self-indulg-



YOUR LOVE COMPASS

After reading this fascinating article on handwriting analysis by one of the best authorities in the country, you will not want to miss the opportunity of having him make an analysis of your own penstrokes. See Mr. Geller's special offer to you on page 163.

ence. The handwriting of many criminals falls into that category.

After pressure, comes shape or form. The degree of sharpness or angularity with which you form your letters indicates the amount of intensity. This is particularly evident in such letters as the small "m" and "n." If they are made very sharp at the top, it shows that your emotions are quite intense. On the other hand,

if your letters are rounded at the top, it is a sign

of a disciplined emotional nature, an emotional nature that is strong but not active: it does not translate itself into action. And finally, there is the combination writing,

where the writer shifts from angular to rounded formations and vice versa. This portrays the passive type, the person who is receptive, capable of responding, but who must be activized. The last two types are the home-makers, the ideal wives and mothers. Their emotional love translates itself into devotion, care of others, tenderness and protectiveness.

If we have thus first determined the degree of pressure and the angularity or shape of the letters, we can safely refer to our love compass and discover to what extent the emotional nature, if it exists, is carried to its logical end, that of self-expression.

If the writing is heavy, sharp and leans to the extreme right—"A" on the compass—you may be sure that you are dealing with a very passionate individual, one whose love means more than just a tender feeling. To this type belong the men and women who often die for love, commit suicide on account of reverses in love and, in extreme cases, commit murder with love as a motive. Let us turn to the other extreme. Let us take the person who writes an extreme backhand, but small writing—"E" on the compass. This individual may have a heavy writing, indicating deep emotions, but he gives no expression to them. He is cold, undemonstrative, and will not respond readily to affection and sentimentality. The extreme cases of this type are sexually repressed or frigid.

However, the following exception should be noted. If the backhand writing is quite large and expansive, the apparent undemonstrativeness is merely a surface characteristic, often a pose, and can be exploded in no time at all. One should be careful in judging backhand writers so as not to confuse the large type of backhand writing with the small, compressed backhand.

The vertical (straight up and down) writing—"C" on the compass—describes the emotionally reserved person. This writer rarely gushes sentiment or makes a display of his or her affections. However, he at times bends over to either the right or the left—"B" or "D"—somewhat,

[*Continued on page 156*]

LESSON THREE

Where readers can instruct themselves in the wonders of Graphology

LOWER LOOP OR STROKE LONG—Practical, worldly, concerned with earthly things; realistic.

LOWER LOOP OR STROKE EXTREMELY LONG. RUNNING INTO THE LINE BELOW—Romantic nature, venturesome, speculative; loves travel, change and variety; inclined to take chances, plunges into things and gambles; craves excitement; is fascinated by things that are unusual and out of the ordinary; loves nature and outdoors.

LOWER LOOP IS EXTREMELY SHORT AND WEAK—Poor health or weak physical constitution.

LOWER LOOP ROUNDED OUT AND SLIGHTLY INFLATED—Person has imagination and a feeling for music.

LOWER LOOP IS EXTREMELY EXAGGERATED—Vain, pretentious, affected, ceremonious.

MADE WITH AN EXTRA LOOP OR KNOT—Eccentric, persistent, fussy.

LOOP IS ANGULAR—Determined, cannot be imposed upon or taken advantage of.

WHEN MADE WITH A PLAIN FIRM STROKE INSTEAD OF A LOOP—Individual, strong character, determined; person has a pioneering nature and is capable of working things up slowly from the bottom.

WHEN THERE IS A "HOOK" AT THE END—Tenacious, does not give up easily; never loses sight of the main purpose or goal.

STROKE OR LOOP CURVES PROMINENTLY TO THE LEFT—Person is particular, "choosy," discriminating in the selection of friends; inclined to be somewhat clannish.

FANCY CURVE TO THE LEFT—Ceremonious, hard to satisfy.

RETURN STROKE IS MADE TO THE RIGHT INSTEAD OF THE LEFT—Altruistic, generous, philanthropic.

"G" RESEMBLES FIGURE "8"—Person has a love and feeling for words; oratorical or literary potentialities.

The Enigmatic Prophet

By Paul Chadwick

Author of "Joan of Arc—France's Psychic Savior," Etc.

NEAR THE VILLAGE of Sharon, Windsor County, Vermont, an imposing granite column rises today on the spot where a rickety frame farmhouse stood a century ago. And that column is imbued with a wealth of psychic force because of the very things for which it stands.

Sometimes the setting sun, sinking behind the distant Green Mountains, touches its polished sides with crimson, making it look like a weirdly flaming sword. Again it seems to be a slim, prophetic finger pointing toward heaven—and both impressions are symbolically correct.

For that slender stone shaft marks the birthplace of Joseph Smith, soldier-prophet, founder of Mormonism, the strangest religious leader this country ever produced, whose life was a focal point for unseen, supernatural forces, and whose death was a tragic act of hate and violence.

Even the year Smith was born, 1805, has occult significance. It was a stormy one for the whole earth. An epoch of momentous change had begun in human affairs. John Fiske, the great American philosopher, called it "one of the most remarkable periods in the history of the world, and nowhere more remarkable than in America."

Armies and navies were clashing fiercely in Europe. Human passions and new ideas of government were in bitter opposition in many countries as they are today. Napoleon's greatest victory on land, Austerlitz, and the greatest defeat of his forces at sea, Trafalgar, occurred in 1805. In America, social problems leading up to three bloody wars, 1812, 1848 and the Civil War, were already manifesting themselves. Change, transition, the pangs of spiritual and physical growth were in the very air.

Sharon, Vermont, may have seemed like a backwater, far from these various cross-currents. Joseph Smith entered the arena of life destined for violent struggles. Around him in a few years would rage a religious battle that would leave an all-time mark on America's history.

That Smith was a psychic there is abundant documented proof. By the time he was fifteen, when he and his family had moved away from Vermont, to Palmyra, New York, he had already become a crystal gazer.

With a piece of bright quartz he would don his characteristic old felt hat and lie for hours in the shadow of a big maple behind his father's new farm, holding his face down in the hat, staring intently at the crystal.

He said he saw strange things there—shadowy movements of men and women who were going to play a vital part in his own career.

He came by his bent for mysticism naturally, too. His grandfather, Solomon Mack, an old Indian fighter, had written a strange little book of supernatural happenings when he was past seventy. It told of odd dreams he had had, visions that had come to him during his life,

Heber J. Grant, head of the Mormon Church in 1935, is pictured (left) as he arrived in Los Angeles from Hawaii in 1935.

ACME NEWSPICTURES

ACME NEWSPICTURES

Brigham Young, 5th, a Mormon missionary, who carries on the traditions of his famous forebear.

apparitions that he had clearly seen on a number of occasions.

Smith's mother, who had formerly been Lucy Mack, went even further than this in her occultism. Shortly after her marriage she told her friends that she was going to give birth to a prophet and savior. She made a mistake, however, as to which child it would be. There were ten children altogether. Lucy Mack Smith expected it to be the seventh. Instead, it was the fourth, Joseph.

Salt Lake City with its great Mormon temple is the physical fulfillment of the vision Joseph Smith saw in his rough piece of crystal on his father's farm. And seven hundred thousand Mormons, living in America and many parts of the world, are living testimony to the truth of his prophetic dreams.

Besides crystal gazing, Joseph Smith learned the use of the divining rod, or "dowsing" as it is called, a very ancient semi-psychic art, which Sir Oliver Lodge says is probably hereditary. As a youngster, Joseph got a reputation for being able to locate water and even lost articles on occasion. He was so good at finding underground springs that he and his father went into the well-digging business.

One day, while they were excavating for a neighbor, they came across a whitish, glassy stone, shaped somewhat like a child's foot. The elder Smith was going to throw it away as being of no account, but Joseph grabbed it eagerly. It was much larger than his own piece of quartz. The next time he crystal-gazed he used this strange-shaped stone and it seemed to inspire him to clearer insight. He saw the outlines of a great building with many windows and imposing columns, and he told his mother at that time—he was still only fifteen—that he was going to be the founder of a great new church in America, a church that would grow mighty and powerful and send missionaries to other parts of the world.

This image of a religious temple may have been a projection of Joseph Smith's own subconscious mind, a mental "wish-fulfillment" as some psychologists say. But such an explanation doesn't do away with the fact that he prophesied things which actually came true—things, moreover, of which his background gave no hint.

For the Smith family was as low in the scale of living as any in Palmyra. They lacked money, lacked education, lacked even the bare necessities of life, and young Smith had no chance of getting anywhere, one would say. His father was a vagabond, wandering from place to place, never sticking to anything long enough to make any money. Joseph had experienced poverty to the point sometimes of actual starvation. His earliest job was trundling a push cart around the streets of Palmyra, hawking eggs and homemade cakes.

Yet, unknown, friendless, poor, and without education, his personality became like a battery, drawing strange power out of the invisible world, charging itself with occult forces, till thousands of men and women flocked around him, eager to call him their leader and to follow him, not only into strange ways of living, but even into death.

THE CRYSTAL GAZING and dowsing were only the beginning of Smith's psychic career. One day he went for a walk in the woods alone and came back pale and exhausted, telling his family of a strange thing that had happened to him. A great darkness had descended amongst the trees, then a brilliant light had come, bright

ACME NEWSPICTURES

Launching one of the largest social experiments ever undertaken by other than a public agency, these followers of the Church of Latter-Day Saints are storing vegetables in a storeroom.

almost as the sun, and in this light Joseph had seen two "personages."

They had spoken to him of mystic things, told him that he was right in being dissatisfied with the religious faith in which he had been brought up. That faith was not for him, the visions had explained, because it was false and had been brought from foreign shores. He was destined to found an entirely new faith, one that was natural to America—as natural as the Indians who roamed the plains.

Smith's brothers and sisters repeated the story and people began to laugh at Joseph. Some even began to persecute him. In derision he was called the "Enigma of Palmyra"—a name which stuck to him all through his stormy life.

But in 1823, when he was eighteen, Smith saw another and even stranger vision. Just after he had gone to bed one night the whole room was filled suddenly with blinding light. Then a form appeared, hovering beside the bed, a personage who called himself the angel Nephi or Moroni.

The angel spoke of golden plates written with strange letters, which Smith would find and which in due time he would translate and make into a book that would change the course of men's lives. Moroni whispered that the plates were hidden on a nearby hill under a large stone which Joseph would pry loose.

In secret, Smith went to this hill, found the plates, took them home and locked them in an old chest.

Controversy still rages around this point. Did Smith really find those golden plates, or was the whole idea of them another projection from his subconscious mind? It is hard to make a clear decision. For the plates, Smith said, disappeared by levitation shortly after he had finished transcribing them. Yet three men, besides himself, testified all their lives that they had seen the plates. Their names are Oliver Cowdrey, David Whitner and Martin Harris, neighbors whom Smith took into his confidence. And none of them ever recanted from that statement, even though they quarreled with Smith and broke away from his leadership later.

It may be that he hypnotized them, and that the whole idea of the golden plates was mere symbolism, Smith's own explanation to himself of the strange psychic powers that definitely influenced his actions. For, later, when he was translating the plates, and while Cowdrey wrote down what he said, Smith behaved very much like a modern medium. He curtained off one side of a small room. Using this as a cabinet, he communed with the world of the occult—and became probably the most enigmatic prophet of our time.

Thousands upon thousands of strange words came from his lips, words that even critics admit could hardly have come from the brain of an uneducated, unliterary young man.

It was a weird, highly imaginative story that the words told—the story of a person named Lehi, who lived in Jerusalem during the seventh century, B. C., fled his country with his wife and four sons during a time of trouble and came at last to the edge of the Arabian Sea. Here he built a stout ship and sailed to a far country, which was South America.

One of Lehi's sons was named Nephi. Another was Laman. These two quarreled and formed two rival tribes. The Nephites stood for goodness and the Lamanites for evil. But the Lamanites prospered because they were fierce and warlike. The two tribes wandered north, leaving many scattered colonists behind them. In a spot near what is now Palmyra, N. Y., they had a fierce battle in 429 A. D., in which the Lamanites defeated the Nephites. But after that the Lamanites degenerated, interbred, scattered into rival groups, each led by a different chief, and became the American Indians.

Great scientists had not been able to explain the mysterious origin of the Indian tribes of North America —and here was an explanation that many people believed.

The story that Smith dictated became the famous Book of Mormon, which, coupled with the force of Smith's hypnotic personality, converted so many followers.

True or not, there is every reason to believe that occultism acting on Joseph Smith's brain, produced this strange work. He was a real medium, it seems, and he

A SIMPLE PIECE OF ROUGH CRYSTAL

In their own independence of relief money from the government, these Mormons are busy inside one of their relief factories which is conducting an expert canning industry.

ACME NEWSPICTURES

induced a trancelike state when he went behind his curtain, so that a discarnate "control" could speak through his lips. How far a person accepts the infallibility of what this control said depends on his attitude toward the Mormon teachings. To hundreds of thousands of men and women now living the words that Joseph Smith spoke behind his curtain are still sacred. And even his enemies have finally admitted that the Book of Mormon was original so far as Joseph Smith went. There was a theory, which held for sixty years, that he had stolen the book from a manuscript written by Solomon Spaulding, a dissenting minister from Ohio. In the '90's this lost manuscript turned up and was put into print. *It bore no resemblance at all to Joseph Smith's Book of Mormon,* and a weapon collapsed which his critics had held over his memory for years.

STUDENTS of psychic science are more than ever inclined to believe that Joseph Smith's words were in the nature of "automatic speaking," just as there have been well-known instances of records put down in automatic writing. Strangely enough, even in cases where automatic writing is established as genuine, the import is not always universally true. Conan Doyle has pointed this out in several of his books on spiritualism and has puzzled over it. It would seem to indicate that even controls in the spirit world can on occasion make mistakes and be whimsical.

It was a mistake so far as Mormonism went that Joseph Smith came to advocate polygamy, or "plural marriage," through what he claimed was a mystic revelation. In 1841 he took his second wife, and he married twenty-seven in all. Other Mormons followed his example.

In those wild frontier days men fought and died more often than women. Women outnumbered men by three to one in some communities. So Smith's "plural marriage" had social significance as well as spiritual. He claimed that it wasn't good or just that women should go without husbands. Earthly existence, according to Smith, should bring the maximum development, physical and spiritual, and the love life was essential to this development. His doctrine was the very opposite of religious asceticism. It was robust, daring, suited to the frontier environment, where men had lost contact with tradition and had to make their own individualistic decisions on moral matters. It was part and parcel of the fanatical boldness that allowed the Mormons to conquer the wilderness, hold out against their enemies and build an empire in the great West.

Many Mormon women as well as men came to believe in the goodness of plural marriage. Even as late as the eighteen-eighties, long after Smith's death, fifteen hundred Mormon women protested in Salt Lake City against the federal anti-polygamy laws.

But Smith's strange and unconventional teaching brought about a violent reaction on the part of other orthodox religious sects. Dark rumors spread all over the Middle West. Some settlers came to regard Mormons as barely human. They were shot down as callously as redskins. And even some of the Mormons themselves, rebelling against the doctrine of plural marriage, broke away from his leadership.

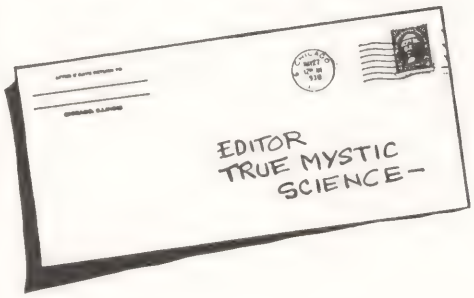
Aversion to polygamy on the part of non-Mormons, however, was only one part of Joseph Smith's trouble. Mormons were hated, too, because they always seemed to prosper and because they were clannish in the extreme. Their great religious zeal, their faith in their leader, made them co-operate when other settlers were going their separate ways. And, on account of this co-operation, everything the Mormons attempted seemed to succeed. Their communities flourished, their cattle and horses increased as abundantly as their children, their business ventures were generally successful.

Furious mobs attacked them, burned down their houses and drove them out of Jackson County, Missouri, where Smith had established a colony. They trekked farther west, settled on the banks of the Mississippi in Illinois, and soon built an even more flourishing community. This was Nauvoo, famed for its wide streets, its modern water system and its equable civic laws. Many people who were not Mormons flocked to Nauvoo just to bask

[*Continued on page 160*]

WAS SMITH'S MEDIUM FOR PREVISION

LETTERS *from our Readers*



About Their Own

TRUE PSYCHIC EXPERIENCES

The following experience letters have won prize money, and the contest judges have divided this month's $100.00 among the lucky winners.

LINGA SHARIRA OR THOUGHT FORM?

FOUR OR FIVE years ago I did something I had never done before—I wrote a fan letter. No, not to a movie star. I wrote to the author of an article I had read and enjoyed, and whose brief success story I had chanced upon in a writer's magazine. This woman's strength and courage and her daring had impressed me, so I broke down and wrote to her of my admiration for her pluck and endurance. She replied, and from this beginning has come forth a friendship far more deep and real than any other I have ever known.

We have never met, nor have we exchanged photographs—and, up to the time of which I shall speak, we had not exchanged descriptions of our personal appearances. In spite of all this I have seen my friend. I know her every feature, the way she does her hair, the way the years have lined her face. More than that I know *her*.

My actual visual knowledge of her came about in this way:

She is very psychic. Unfortunately, at the time of which I speak, she was of the involuntary type, but as we were both deeply interested in the study of the occult and knew that we were closely en rapport, we planned an experiment.

She lives in Colorado and I am in Oregon, but upon a certain designated evening she was to make a conscious effort to come to me. I was likewise to prepare myself to receive her. The evening came. The hour planned for her attempt was to be ten o'clock. At nine I sat down by my desk and picked up her letter, thinking I would reread it while waiting until the appointed time, but we had overlooked the time difference between Colorado and Oregon. Ten o'clock in Colorado was nine o'clock in Oregon.

I had been reading only a few moments when I jerked to attention, for I knew that someone had entered the room, and in a moment I saw her. No, I did not see her with my physical eyesight, but I did see her with that sight which we will some day develop to its full perfection.

My friend was standing about six feet from me, and with painstaking care, I noted every physical detail of her appearance—the gray in her hair, the way she wore it brushed back and knotted, her height, guessed her probable weight, noted her features, her dress. Yet at the same time, I sensed her real personality far more clearly than is possible under more ordinary circumstances. She was with me for perhaps five minutes, then suddenly she was gone.

That same evening I wrote to her in full detail, describing her exactly as I had seen her. Her letter, written that same evening, crossed mine and said that she had tried very hard to reach me as she had promised, but did not know if she had succeeded; for she had been conscious "only of a great weariness." Within a few days, however, came her delighted answer to my letter, containing notes from her family corroborating my description of her. To quote her daughter's words:

"The description of mother was as perfect in detail as if you two had been together in the same room, and as regards your realization of her personality, had you known her twenty years you could not have described her more accurately."

Now did she, in a temporary trance, send her Linga Sharira, or Astral Double, which would under those circumstances resemble the physical vehicle in every detail? Or was it a definite thought form which she had projected to me?

Rona Morris Workman,
513 First Ave., N.,
Forest Grove, Oregon.

RETURN FROM DEATH

AT THE AGE of five I experienced, in Coslin, Germany, one of the strangest illnesses that possibly has ever happened to a human being. Suffering with a high fever and cholera, I succumbed and was buried in Coslin in the spring of 1865. I believe I was in some state of suspended animation or trance, for I immediately went

Everyone has had a strange, psychical experience at some time or other in his life. Who has not been influenced by some weird happening, adventure, dream or vision? Perhaps your true psychic experience may win as much as $500.00 in the TRUE MYSTIC SCIENCE contest. For full details, see page 55.

in my astral body to my mother and begged her to have my physical body dug up.

My mother told me afterward that she began to dream of me immediately. In her dreams I repeatedly told Mother that my living body had turned over in the coffin and that my right hand had struggled up under my right cheek. My father would not believe this, however, nor would he listen to my mother's implorations that the body be exhumed. Finally, after the third night, my mother had her way and the body was dug up.

A physician was called, and I was brought to with simple first-aid treatment.

As proof of my message to my mother while buried alive, my right cheek bore the marks of the fingers of my right hand which had struggled up to my face.

That was my first metaphysical experience, and a mighty great one, until two years later when, at the age of seven, full power of mediumship came to me. Since then I have consistently been a practicing medium up to and including my present age, 78. I still have the handles of the coffin in which I was buried.

Rev. Max Hoffmann,
N. S. A. Missionary Medium,
236 West 14th Ave.,
Denver, Colorado.

A WELCOME APPARITION

I WAS SEVENTEEN and proud to be self-supporting in my first job. It only paid me six dollars a week and part of that went for living expenses on my insistence and against my parents' wishes, but all the rest was spent for clothes. That last item must have been effective, more so than I wished, for our minister fell in love with me. No, I was not happy about it—quite the contrary. He was married, and I admired his wife. Also, I was brought up to be God-fearing, and forty years ago we didn't know about affinities.

It was his custom to meet me at the corner of a flat-iron block, coming up one street as I came up the other. I was so ignorant that I did not know what to do about the matter. If I lagged behind, he was there. If I hurried, I was just in time to meet him at the corner. He seemed to sense instinctively just when I would be there. So it went, day after day, until I was on the verge of a nervous breakdown. Finally, one noon when I saw that the inevitable meeting at the corner was going to take place, I cried in my heart:

"God, please do something about this!" And he did.

Immediately, there appeared just in front of the minister a girl friend of mine, Julia, who turned and said:

"Elizabeth, let's walk up the street together. It is so long since I have seen you."

I hurried to walk with her, and my pastor walked ahead of us and up the street alone. Nor did he ever wait for me again at the corner. Did he see Julia, too, and immediately recognize the supernatural aspect of the situation? I did not. Unspeakably glad of the relief, I sauntered up the street with Julia talking companionably.

Not until I was shocked with the news in the paper that night of Julia's death, did I realize what had occurred that noon. For Julia had been bedfast for more than a year—and for the last several months denied to all her friends, since she was slowly and repulsively dying from cancer of the face!

Elizabeth Sarek,
P. O. Box 123,
Middletown, Ohio.

JEAN HARLOW SPEAKS AGAIN

THE TEACHINGS of things hidden from the eye or understanding have interested me, and puzzled me. I am writing you to tell you about my true psychic experience with the beloved Jean Harlow.

Jean and I never met personally, but we corresponded for years, and she phoned me long distance, wired me, sent me Christmas gifts, a curl from her head, a piece of her wedding cake, and beautiful letters. The world knows of the devotion between Jean and her charming mother, known to many of us as Mother Jean.

One evening a friend and I had a chance to attend a trumpet séance. We were not known, and not a person could have known about my friendship with Jean, with the exception of my companion, and she was with me every minute and talked to no one. We sat there quietly listening to the voices bringing messages, and wondering if we would receive one, when I was astonished to hear my name mentioned, saying that a beautiful girl wished to contact me, and that she had been popular in the film world. I said nothing and the voice came to me direct, saying:

"Lucile, Lucile—this is Jean—Jean Harlow—do you know me? Can you hear me?" The voice became so excited and it sounded exactly like Jean's. I was so surprised that I could hardly reply, but was asked to do so.

Jean said that she was so glad that I had helped to comfort her mother with letters, and told me to tell her that she was with her often—in fact, always—and asked me to find out if she could feel her touch her on her forehead when she was in bed. Then she said:

"I am so glad that I could come to you, Lucile. God bless you always."

Since that evening I have received many messages from Jean, and always there were messages of love for her mother. I always sent them to her.

Miss Lucile Carlson,
206 E. Main St.,
Detroit Lakes, Minn.

[*Continued on page 157*]

ALEISTER CROWLEY—

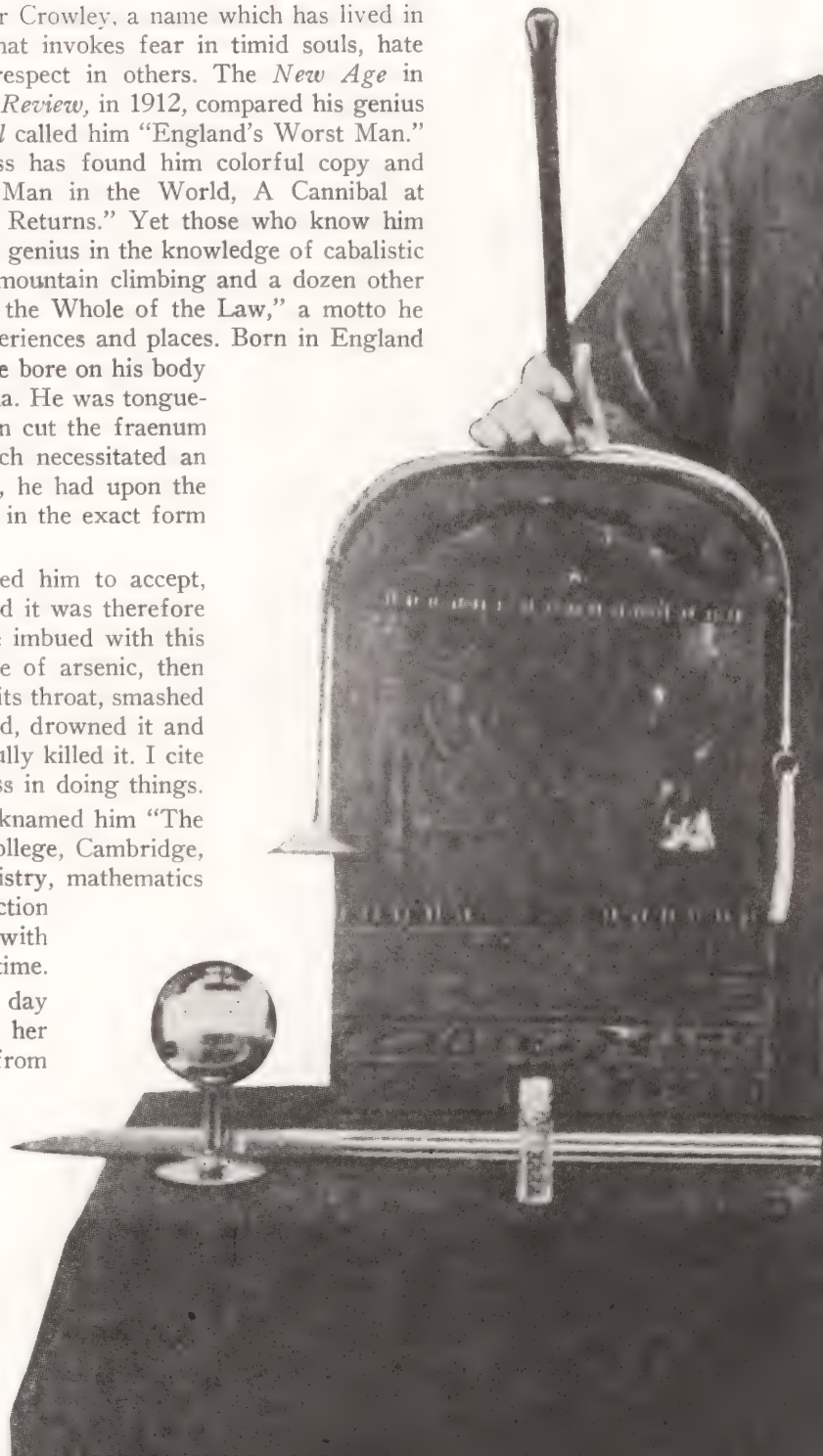
Accused and praised at the same time, Crowley is today an outstanding figure in occult lore. He has been called England's worst man and a hydra-headed monster, and then proclaimed a genius in cabalistic arts and sciences and a great poet to be compared with Byron and Shelley.

HERE, INDEED, is a name to conjure with—Aleister Crowley, a name which has lived in headlines, is forgotten, then lives again; one that invokes fear in timid souls, hate in some sections of the occult world, love and respect in others. The *New Age* in 1907 called him a "hydra-headed monster"; the *English Review,* in 1912, compared his genius to Byron and Shelley; yet a few years ago *John Bull* called him "England's Worst Man." Wherever he has gone throughout the world, the press has found him colorful copy and labeled him "The King of Depravity, The Wickedest Man in the World, A Cannibal at Large, A Man We'd Like to Hang, A Human Beast Returns." Yet those who know him or have studied his work, proclaim him a great poet, a genius in the knowledge of cabalistic arts and sciences, an encyclopedic mind, a master of mountain climbing and a dozen other things. His motto is, "Do What Thou Wilt Shall Be the Whole of the Law," a motto he has abided by and which has led him into strange experiences and places. Born in England in 1875 under the sign of Leo, just rising at the time, he bore on his body the three most important distinguishing marks of Buddha. He was tongue-tied, and on the second day of his incarnation a surgeon cut the fraenum linguae. He also had the characteristic membrane which necessitated an operation for phimosis some three lustres later. Lastly, he had upon the center of his heart four hairs curling from left to right in the exact form of a swastika.

Crowley's interest as a small boy in pure science led him to accept, verbatim, the phrase, "A cat has nine lives." He deduced it was therefore almost impossible to kill a cat, and he therefore became imbued with this ambition. He caught one and first gave it a large dose of arsenic, then chloroformed it, hanged it over a gas jet, stabbed it, cut its throat, smashed its skull, and, when it had been pretty thoroughly burned, drowned it and threw it out the window. He discovered he had successfully killed it. I cite this incident because it is emphatical of his thoroughness in doing things.

He was a handsome, strange boy, and his mother nicknamed him "The Beast 666." First educated privately, then at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1895, his adolescent hobbies had been poetry, chemistry, mathematics and chess; his chief sport rock climbing. It was in connection with the latter interest that he had his first experience with psychic phenomena, about which he knew nothing at the time.

He was at Beachy Head, England, and one summer day he went up Beachy Head with his mother and took her down to the grassy slopes which extended eastward from Etheldreda's Pinnacle. It was something of a scramble for an old lady to reach them from the top of the cliff, but it could be done by descending a narrow gully called Etheldreda's Walk. He put his mother in a comfortable position where she could make a water-color sketch, and went off to do some climbing on the Devil's Chimney, which is some distance west of the pinnacle. The general contour of the cliff there was convex, so



MAN OR DEMON?

By Eugene Coldbrook

Aleister Crowley presiding over a ritualistic ceremony attended by his devotees.

that he was entirely out of her sight, besides being a quarter of a mile away. Such breeze as there was came from the southwest; that is, from Crowley to his mother. He was trying to make a new climb on the west of the Devil's Chimney, and had got some distance down, when he distinctly heard her crying for help.

As I stated, at this time, Crowley had no knowledge of psychic phenomena, yet he recognized the call as of this type; that is, he had a direct intuition that it was so. It was not merely that it seemed improbable that it could be normal audition. He did not know at the time for certain that this was impossible, though it afterwards proved to be so by experiment. He had no reason for supposing the danger to be urgent; but he rushed madly to the top of the cliff, along it, and down to the Grass Traverse. He reached his mother in time to save her life, though there were not many seconds to spare. She had shifted her position, to get a better view, and had wandered off the Traverse onto steep, dusty, crumbling slopes. She had begun to slip, got frightened and done the worst thing possible: had sat down. She was slipping by inches, and was on the brink of the cliff when he reached her. She had actually cried for help at the time when he had heard her, as nearly as he could judge; but, as explained above, it was physically impossible for him to have done so.

CROWLEY regarded this incident as very extraordinary. He has never taken much stock in the regular stories of people appearing at a distance at the moment of death, and so on, nor did the fact of something so similar having actually happened make him inclined to believe such stories. There is no explanation, apart from the conventional magical theory, that a supreme explosion of will is sometimes able to set forces in motion which cannot be invoked under ordinary circumstances.

When Crowley left Cambridge at the turn of the century, he had a fortune of about $200,000, to do with as he pleased. He went to London and lived as "Count Svareff" in a flat in Chancery Lane, which he fitted up as two magical temples. One was white, the walls being lined with six huge mirrors, each six feet by eight; the other black, (the object of establishing two was probably to satisfy his instinct about equilibrium) a mere cupboard, in which stood an altar supported by the figure of a Negro standing on his hands. The presiding genius of this place was a human skeleton, which he fed from time to time with blood, small birds and the like. The idea was to give it life, but he never got further than causing the bones to become covered with a viscous slime.

The demons connected with Abramelin do not wait to be evoked; they come unsought. One night Crowley and a friend went out to dinner. He noticed on leaving the white temple that the latch of its modern lock had not caught. Accordingly, he pulled the door to and tested it. As they went out, they noticed semi-solid shadows on the stairs; the whole atmosphere was vibrating with the forces which they had been using, trying to condense into sensible images.

When they came back, nothing had been disturbed in the flat; but the temple door was wide open, the furniture disarranged and some of the symbols flung about in the room. They restored order and then observed that semi-materialized beings were marching around the main room in almost unending procession.

In his early youth Crowley tested the truth of the phrase, "A cat has nine lives," by murderous experimentation.

When he finally left the flat for Scotland, it was found that the mirrors were too big to take out except by way of the black temple. This had, of course, been completely dismantled before the workmen arrived. But the atmosphere remained, and two workmen sank into a fainting illness that lasted for several hours. It was almost a weekly experience for Crowley to hear of casual callers fainting or being seized with dizziness, cramp, or apoplexy on the staircase.

A pushing charlatan thought to better himself by taking the rooms, and with this object he went to see them. A few seconds later he was leaping headlong down the five flights of stairs, screaming in terror. He had just sufficient genuine sensitiveness to feel the forces, without possessing the knowledge, courage and will required to turn them to account or even endure their impact.

SPIRITUAL FACTS, it is said, are the only things Crowley believes worth-while, contending that brain and body are valueless except as instruments of the soul. "Material welfare is only important as assisting men towards a consciousness of satisfaction," Crowley once stated.

From the nature of things, he therefore regards life as a sacrament; in other words, that all our acts are magical acts. His definition of magic is the spiritual consciousness acting through the will, and its instruments upon material objects, in order to produce changes which will result in the establishment of the new conditions of consciousness which we wish.

Crowley became an adept in the Hermetic Order of the G:. D:., based on a cipher manuscript found in the seventies or eighties of the last century by a Dr. Woodman, a magician of repute. It contained the rubric of certain rituals of initiation and the true attribution of the tarot trumps. This attribution had been sought for centuries and it cleared up a host of Quabalistic difficulties, in the same way as Einstein's admirers claim that his equations have done in mathematics and physics. Crowley made great progress after his initiation.

Magic is indubitably one of the subtlest and most difficult of the sciences and arts. There is more opportunity for errors of comprehension, judgment and practice, than in any other branch of physics. It is above all needful for the student to be armed with scientific knowledge, sympathetic apprehension and common sense. Crowley's training in mathematics and chemistry supplied him with the first of these qualities; his poetic affinities and wide reading with the second; while, for the third, he had his practical ancestors to thank. Shallow critics argue that because the average, untrained man cannot evoke a spirit, the ritual which purports to enable him to do so must be at fault. He does not reflect that an electroscope would be useless in the hands of a savage.

When Crowley was preparing for the operation of sacred magic in the above-mentioned order, he took a huge house on a Scottish estate at Boleskine, Iverness. It was a long, low, ominous building. While he was preparing the talismans—squares of vellum inscribed in Indian ink—a task he undertook in the sunniest room in the house, he had to use artificial light even on the brightest days. It was a darkness which could almost be felt. The lodge and terrace, moreover, soon became peopled with shadowy shapes, sufficiently substantial, as a rule, to be almost opaque—yet they were not shapes, properly speaking. The phenomenon is hard to describe. It is as if the faculty of vision suffered some interference, as if the objects of vision were not properly objects at all, as if they belonged to an order of matter which affects the sight without informing it.

During this period of preparation for the Second Order, Crowley continued the practice of visions of, and voyages upon, divers spiritual planes. Strange legends began to take shape concerning his activities.

In 1900-02, he made a trip around the world that included several mountain-climbing expeditions, making world's records by climbing what had been considered the unclimbable. He studied the Hindu spiritual discipline of Yoga, Ceylon, 1901; traveled to Cario, 1904; revisited Ceylon for big-game shooting, 1904; walked across China, 1906.

Meanwhile he was delving deeper and deeper into magic, exposing racketeers and charlatans and making many enemies as well as friends.

UNSEEN FORCES WERE SO POWERFUL IN

Crowley's motto was—"Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law"

He was compared to "Jack the Ripper, a bad man.... He eats babies....He worships the devil....He is an evil genius." His dozens of books were called erotic, obscene, blasphemous, indecent, corrupt, perverted, pagan, decadent, sensual and what not, and the legend of Aleister Crowley began to grow more serious. Yet in spite of all the mud flung at him, he ignored the attacks and did not defend himself against them, believing they were unworthy of reply. Crowley claims he has no motive for deception, because, "I don't give a damn for the whole human race—you're nothing but a pack of cards!"

He simply disappears from time to time and turns up in strange places throughout the world, then reappears in his old haunts in London, looking years younger, refreshed in body and mind.

HE WAS IN America before and during the World War and engaged in many escapades. Suffice to say that he worked to bring America to the side of England; and then, when America entered the war, he became an agent of the Department of Justice. The war over, Crowley went to Sicily, where he lived in a villa called The Abbey of Thelema. There he continued to formulate his new religion, which he calls The Law of Thelema, the summary of which is, *Do What Thou Wilt*—a command from the gods to man. He was charged with establishing a love cult, because he welcomed both sexes, his religion being naturalistic. Wild stories began about bestial orgies, eating little cakes made of goat's blood, honey and grain, raw and aged, making a terrible stench; of using every drug known from the Orient to the Occident, the abbey being "an inferno, a maelstrom of filth and obscenity." Italy expelled him from the island, France wouldn't have him either; so he returned to London. He tells his side of the story in an amazing book, published in 1922, called "The Diary of a Drug Fiend." The book made sensational front page news in London. One headline read, *A Book for Burning!* The publishers became frightened after the third thousand were sold and withdrew it from circulation....Another campaign started against him, and he disappeared. I later saw a newspaper headline in America stating that he was dead, yet in 1929 he turned up again in London. The press urged that he not be re-admitted to England, yet on his arrival in London, Crowley dined with one of the Scotland Yard chiefs!

England's "worst man" (above) at the age of 23 and (below, left) at the approximate age of 54.

No one seems to actually know much about him, yet everyone claims to; and some rare pamphlets have been printed about him as well as one book of one hundred copies. He makes you feel that he knows what is going on behind the scenes, not only in this world, but in others. He is a man about whom men quarrel. Intensely magnetic, he attracts people or repels them with equal violence. His personality seems to breed rumors. Everywhere they follow him. One knows him as a poet, another as a critic of American literature. Others know

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CROWLEY'S DWELLING THAT PEOPLE FAINTED!

SEEKS PRIZE *of* $10,000.00

MRS. ANTOINE TIMMER, 71, who claims psychic power, shows her ability at a levitation séance, November 22, at the Hotel New Yorker. She sought the $10,000.00 award of the Universal Council for Psychic Research. Mrs. Timmer is shown here with Chairman Joseph Dunninger, world-famous magician. The Council promises to pay the award to any person who can produce a phenomenon which the Council cannot produce by means of physical science. Since then it has been reported that the magician duplicated Mrs. Timmer's feats by trickery.

CHEIRO'S DEATH CLOCK

A strange, unseen force caused the great seer's clock to strike repeatedly with prophetic inaccuracy.

THE PASSING from this earth plane of Count Louis Haman, noted mystic who died in 1936 amid an atmosphere of psychical phenomena, was marked by an amazing incident of metaphysical power that outrivalled the most unbelievable stories of his life—and these were many.

Known as "Cheiro," his acquaintances were numbered among the world's notables, and his insight into the futures of those with whom he came in contact was uncanny. In magazine articles and notarized statements, he set forth predictions of the deaths of the late King George V of England, Mata Hari, Lord Kitchener, and many others, long before those events took place. One document told the date and manner of the demise of Irving Thalberg, husband of Norma Shearer.

"Cheiro" had in his possession blueprints of the hands of famous people, and foretold events in their lives from the lines in their palms. A most striking testimonial of the man's power was given by Walter Richardson, who said:

"You predicted the death of my wife in six to eight months. I call to say it actually occurred within the time stated. Others matters also came *equally correct.*"

Mrs. Frank Leslie, editor of Frank Leslie's Publications, wrote the following to Cheiro:

Your hand reading is so startlingly true that your possession of this mysterious skill or faculty might well inspire fear, were it accompanied by less of perfect trust and discretion.

Among the many hundreds of testimonials given "Cheiro" appears this one from Mrs. Agnes Thomson:

In 1892 "Cheiro" foretold that I would have within three years an escape from a violent death at sea. In 1895 I was crossing the Channel from Dieppe to Newhaven in the Seaford when the Lyon collided with us, and in forty minutes from the time of the collision, the Seaford foundered.

But "Cheiro" the great seer is dead. And here is the remarkable phenomenon which took place in connection

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Count Louis Haman, known as "Cheiro."

METHODISM'S MOST FAMOUS GHOST

By C. A. Paige

IN THE EARLY LIFE of John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, an outbreak of strange phenomena occurred at the rectory of his father, the elder Samuel Wesley, which served to focus the attention of John and his brother Samuel upon psychical phenomena. This may have been an important factor in shaping the course of his later life and interests. However, many of his biographers neglect the occurrences as a whole, feeling no doubt that they detract from the more orthodox stories of his conversion.

Certain it is that there were strange and supernatural goings-on at the little Epworth rectory in Lincolnshire, beginning on the first of December, 1776, when the maidservant, standing at the door of the dining room, heard a series of dismal groans which sounded to her like a person at the point of death. The maid was badly frightened, but the Wesleys accused her of harboring superstitious fears.

Several nights later, however, strange knockings were heard in different places in the home. Loud sounds were heard to issue from the walls of unoccupied rooms. Pounding was heard in the garret, and this then changed to a focal point in the nursery. The noises were heard at night by all of the household, except the rector; for they seemed to avoid his presence. From this, the family concluded that the phenomena boded harm to him. Finally his wife decided to inform him of what was going on, and the same night the rappings occurred nine times at his bedside. By this time, with the whole family disturbed, the frightened children could not sleep. Mrs. Wesley believed the house to be overrun with rats. So she sent for horns, which were blown throughout the house to frighten them away. These orchestral arrangements seemed to infuriate the source of the noises, as the pounding grew in magnitude and began to occur in the daytime as well as at night.

From miscellaneous wall and floor pounding, the rapper progressed in the quality of his manifestations. Difficult feats, such as shaking and rattling the warming pan in the nursery, were performed with no agent visible. The door latches were lifted when there was no wind, and the children's beds were shaken while they were trying to rest. A new noise, like the dropping of a large sheet of metal, was heard outside the nursery, but nothing was visible when the door was opened.

John Wesley, founder of Methodism. Persistent, lengthy psychic phenomena of physical strength took place in his home at Epworth.

In a letter to the younger Samuel Wesley on January 12, 1717, Mrs. Wesley wrote:

"One night it made such a noise in the room over our heads, as if several people were walking, then ran up and down stairs, and was so outrageous that we thought the children would be frightened, so your father and I rose and went down in the dark to light a candle. Just as we came to the bottom of the broad stairs, having laid hold of each other, on my side there seemed as if somebody had emptied a bag of money at my feet and, on his, as if all the bottles under the stairs (which were many) had

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War Proves Survival of the Dead

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of humanity. In an amusing series of automatic-writing communications received by a friend of mine, shortly after the war, this occurred:

Sitter: Will you do exactly as I say? If you will I can help you.

Communicator: No!

Sitter: Well, I can't help you unless you do what I tell you. . . .

Communicator: I got this (wound) following what one damn fool said!

Sitter: Is he writing sense?

Communicator: Can't you read?

But very few messages indicate this post-mortem irascability. Most of those who return are glad of help and sympathy and, indeed, often ask for it.

During the early years of the war there were, of course, many instances reported of dreams, especially of Zeppelin raids, but it is difficult to determine their value because everyone was thinking of and fearing them. One of the most striking incidents connected with a dirigible wreck was that obtained through Mrs. Eileen Garrett, internationally famous medium, by Mr. Harry Price—though this was after the war. Details were given through her of the disaster, which were not known to any living mind, as well as much technical information regarding the airship which could only have been given by one thoroughly familiar with its mechanical details. Such facts were certainly not known either to the sitter or the medium. This was proven in the case of the disaster of the R-101.

Were the reports available, it would doubtless be found that soldiers in the Spanish war, and Chinese and Japanese warriors, also are having psychic experiences of various kinds, akin to those noted at the front during the World War.

War brings home to us, as perhaps nothing else can, the nearness and the reality of death, and it is interesting to note that those most near it are those which fear it and think of it the least. In reality there is little to fear about it, save that it is a leap into the unknown. Either the mind and spirit of man is extinguished at death, or it is not. If it is, then only an unconsciousness awaits us—a blankness equaled by the centuries which preceded our birth. And if the spirit of man survives, then there is every indication that it continues to progress and evolve in a world of its own, which has been depicted to us as a world of light and joy and endless progress.

Does the Great Passing really represent a leap into the unknown? From the point of view of orthodox theology it may do so, but from the point of view of spiritual philosophy much is known concerning the thereafter—and all that is known is both reassuring and comforting. For the average, normal man or woman, in whom good and bad are mixed in varying degrees—as they are in most of us—there need be no fear and no apprehension. For it is said that he merely passes into a new life, where he is met and lovingly cared for. Gradually, as he becomes oriented to his surroundings, he finds himself in a new, a mental, world in which he is dwelling in some body resembling his own, the same individual as before, with all his thoughts, memories and associations. The ties of friendship and of love are as strong as ever.

Under the circumstances, it is only natural that one of his first impulses would be to send back messages, if that were possible, reassuring those left behind that he is well and happy and that he continues to live in this new world, which is just as real to him as the world in which he formerly dwelt. If the opportunity to transmit such messages presented itself, it is hardly to be expected that he would fail to avail himself of it, even though the instrument used for such transmission happened to be an ignorant, illiterate medium. Of the actual mechanism employed the communicator would probably be entirely ignorant.

If the future life remains unknown, it is largely because we have not availed ourselves of the opportunity to inform ourselves upon the subject. If we were to travel to Alaska or Burma, should we not in all probability buy a guidebook, beforehand, and learn what we could concerning the country we were about to visit? Inasmuch as we must all visit this Other World at some time or another in the future, would it not be the part of wisdom to do what we can to inform ourselves concerning it? It would seem so. . . .

Hundreds, thousands of messages have seemingly been received from soldiers who were killed at the front, reassuring us that they are alive and well, free from pain and worry, and that they have been glad to come back and communicate. Both Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, whose sons were killed in action, received messages of this kind — the former publishing his well-known book *Raymond* in consequence. They were convinced beyond all doubt of the living reality of their sons in some after-life.

In addition to such evidences of survival, innumerable instances were recorded of lives saved, injury and death averted, by telepathic and clairvoyant pictures and visions experienced by soldiers in the trenches. Hunches and premonitions were frequently fulfilled to the letter, while other cases were reported in which the spiritual presence of the departing warrior had been seen and heard by those at home, hours before official confirmation had been received from the War Office of his demise. Not only were those at home prepared for the shock, but they were comforted and reassured in advance that all was well with their son, and that he indeed lived, thinking of them and loving them as before.

Such were some of the psychic phenomena noted during the Great War—evidences of survival which could have been obtained in no other way. From the ashes and blood and horror of that conflict, arose this supreme joy: the joy of conviction. Those who received such messages no longer believed — they *knew* — that their dear ones lived; they had seen and heard from them, and a greater understanding and happiness were theirs than if such a blow had never fallen.

The Great War, sadly enough, destroyed a large portion of humanity; but at the same time it destroyed materialism and proved to the world, the reality of a spiritual after-life.

The editors of True Mystic Science *take the liberty of adding to Mr. Carrington's article an unusual episode of psychic phenomena among British soldiers in the World War which was recently brought to our attention by a number of our readers. The following true narrative, as recorded by* Prediction *Magazine of London, England, was related by Detective Edwin T. Woodhall, late of New Scotland Yard and Secret Service:*

During the war a most peculiar case in connection with the Unknown came under my notice. It was so eerie that for a time it dominated my thoughts to the exclusion of all other duties. It was a reported case of haunting. Nor was the experience a secret, inasmuch as nearly every officer and man in this particular sector of the line knew something of it.

The place where the incident happened was, at the time, in the area well behind the British lines, between Laventie and Houplines. But since the time of this phenomenon it has disappeared, wiped out in the terrible fighting that took place all round this locality, when Ludendorff broke through in his last terrific bid in 1918.

In the archives of the War Office, in old Intelligence reports, there is a record of this true supernormal happening; but it has been withheld from public knowledge mainly on account of its almost impossible explanation.

Here are the facts as I know them, and as I know them from various living witnesses who, if I were challenged, would no doubt come forward to substantiate the authenticity of this remarkable story.

In late 1916 there was commenced behind the lines, in different parts of our far-flung trench front, a series of sites that held reserve dumps of explosives, such as bombs, hand grenades, etc. These dumps were generally partly demolished farms or houses in some evacuated village, as far as conveniently possible from the range of the enemy artillery.

The idea of these improvised small arsenals was, of course, a quick reserve supply in case of emergency. To safeguard the possibility of any danger, such

as sabotage by some prowling enemy agent behind our lines, a soldier, from whatever regiment so detailed, was sent there for a week on special detachment duty to guard the ammunition.

From a soldier's point of view—except for extreme loneliness—the duty was easy. Rations were taken along to the place by transport, with fuel and candles, and then the soldier was left to his own devices until the week was up.

The scene of this strange phenomenon had once been a small village. It was desolate and lonely, devoid of any kind of human habitation, every cottage, house or farm being long deserted and reduced to ruins by heavy artillery concentration.

However, enemy artillery observation had long since ceased to be interested in it, as the place was a shambles of brick work and debris, hardly likely to conceal billeted troops and too near the line for any concealed gun pits. It was for this reason the ammunition was placed there in a basement of what had once been a large farm, our military authorities taking the million-to-one chance of a stray shell ever finding such a valuable target.

In the cellar, where the ammunition was stacked in boxes, the men who came and were on the duty of guarding it had made themselves comfortable. Night time was the worst, and the only thing for the sentry to do was to read or go to sleep. I do not remember how long it had been going on before I heard of this strange incident, but stories soon began to circulate that the dump was haunted. And these accounts only seemed to come from soldiers whose week of sentry duty had been carried out with the moon in full.

One man swore of hearing heavy footsteps on the cobbled road outside, another of hearing and seeing some shadowy form moving about in the ruins; then, later, the last rumor, stronger than the others—that the sentry had actually seen a man digging, had challenged, and getting no reply, fired point blank, but to his amazement, the spot he had fired at was void.

So strong did these rumors become that the duty became a very disagreeable one for the troops to undertake. They openly expressed their aversion. Dealing with the enemy was another matter. At least they did know what to expect from his quarter—but for one man on his own in a haunted village, it was asking too much for human flesh and blood to endure.

IT WAS THEN thought that perhaps some enemy agent was at work trying to work up a scare, thinking that perhaps by doing so a chance could be got to slip into the cellar and blow the place to smithereens.

On the face of it such a thing seemed unfeasible, for had this been the case, why not steal in, take a chance, surprise the sentry and then put the plan into effect? However, in war no chances can be taken, so it fell to my lot, by order of our Intelligence, to take a watch with the next sentry and see if I could discover if there was any truth in these persistent rumors.

I chose for my tour of duty on this new task to turn up at ten o'clock each night, a password being arranged with the sentry and myself when he heard me arriving in the lonely shambles. Further, I was supplemented by a French *gendarme* in case of arrest being necessary of any civilian who might be in the plot.

THE FIRST FEW HOURS passed pleasantly enough, the soldier was only too glad of our company, and by the light of several candles, added to which was the warmth from a good fire, we played cards and talked until well after midnight. I then went up the cellar steps that led out to what had once been the street, to get some fresh air and have a final look around before turning in for the night.

It was a cold, crisp night, a new moon was well advanced, and all around was fairly clear visibility. Only the darkness and shadows of the ruined village seemed impenetrable and foreboding to one's gaze. Except for some distant rumbling of guns or intermittent *crack! crack!* of musketry—dead silence. Nor was anything else to be seen except picked out for miles and miles, as far as the eyes could travel, the constant ascent of Very lights into the far-off darkness, that betokened the firing lines of the British and enemy forces.

I stood for some while contemplating the scene, then turned and went down the steps into the cellar and rejoined my two colleagues. It was now time to turn in. The soldier banked up the fire, tidied up a bit, and by consent lay down on his bed of blankets to take third watch, I to do the first, the *gendarme* second relief, of two hours each until dawn. The time being nearly one o'clock, my watch would be over at three when I should wake the *gendarme* up.

Soon both men were sleeping soundly, I in the meantime sitting near the fire, reading an old magazine. It was dead silent, even the far-off British line was quiet. Whether it was the heat of the fire or not I cannot say, but try as I would my eyes kept closing, and off I would go into a fitful kind of doze. This happened two or three times, the last phase being when I woke with a start about half-past two. Suddenly my ears caught a sound, a slow kind of movement, for all the world like someone cautiously walking about outside—immediately overhead.

I listened. There was no mistake. Something was doing outside. Cautiously I leaned over and shook the slumbering men. Both woke with a start. Motioning them not to speak by putting my finger on my lips, I pointed upwards, pulled out my revolver and tiptoed to the stairs, both of them at the same time grabbing their weapons.

Somewhere outside the *hoot-hoot-hoot* of an owl came to our ears. Then all three heard, no mistake this time, the sound of someone walking—earth and loose brickwork falling above our heads—among the outside ruins of the dead, deserted village.

Whoever it was, the nocturnal disturber was not far off. Where exactly was the spot? Who was it—and why? Now was the moment! Quickly I crept up the few remaining stairs and into the fresh morning air. All around by now was bright moonlight. I was the first out into it, and somehow, to this day, I thought I saw something move from the wall in the deep shadow of the shell-blasted farm, in the cellar of which the ammunition was stored.

"Did you see anything?" I asked my colleagues, but neither had noticed anything.

With our weapons cocked ready, all of us searched together every inch of the place for over an hour, and in the end we gave it up as a bad job, agreeing that the mysterious noise must have been caused by some wild cat or dog, which we would try and locate as soon as it was daylight.

The remainder of the watch passed off uneventfully, the soldier promising me to have a good hunt 'round during the day to see if he could locate any stray animal, and let me know his efforts in this direction when I came on duty in the evening.

However, it was destined I should not go back there again, for I was packed off by G.H.Q. upon another duty, and the investigation was given to my colleague, an Intelligence officer of sound, all-round ability. I can state that this same officer today is alive, well, influential and an official of high position in one of our government departments. It is not permissible for me to quote his identity, as I am bound by solemn promise. However, he was the final actor in this true, strange phenomenon. . . .

THAT NIGHT he took over my duty and joined, with the same *gendarme*, the sentry on duty in the farm cellar of the village. It was a scene of beautiful moonlight when he took up first watch soon after midnight. Both his colleagues were lying on their bunks, their uniform tunics undone, but fully dressed otherwise, and both awake. The gendarme's automatic lay beside him on the bed, the rifle of the sentry also handy to snatch near his bedhead, the Intelligence man sitting by the fire with his Webly revolver on the table in front of him.

By the way, the sentry had found no trace of any stray animal in the village that day, and he had searched high and low. This added to the tension resulting from the eerie experience.

Suddenly all three heard a sound—it was unmistakable. "Intelligence" looked at his watch; it wanted five minutes to three in the morning. The eyes of all the watchers met. No deluding the senses this time. There it was—*clump, clump, clump*—coming nearer. Steel-shod boots or iron-studded ones worn by military—walked with a regulation step on the cobbles of what once had been the main street.

As the heavy footsteps came nearer the Intelligence man rose. The others did the same, following him to the stairs. The three silently and cautiously got to the top. All 'round was bathed in moonlight, not a word was spoken. Where they stood was in shadow, but to their right

not more than a few yards away, they could clearly see near the wall of the farm, a form in German uniform with its back towards them. It seemed to be looking on the ground, and when first seen, to be in the act of lifting bricks off the spot near where it stood.

Spellbound, they continued to watch this strange proceeding. There was no doubt of it being a German soldier, for the clear light of the moon showed up every detail and—what struck the three watchers most forcibly—the uniform was covered with clay, resembling the appearance of one which has lain in the grave. Then the Intelligence man got control of himself and challenged. Immediately the form turned and the moon's rays revealed its features, which up to this moment had been hidden from view.

The head that turned in their direction was unearthly, horrible and hideous, for it took the form of a fleshless mask. A mere horror, that of a human skull. All three blazed at it with their firearms, but to their amazement nothing was now to be seen. The form had vanished.

For the remainder of that night, thoroughly shaken by their experience and inexplicable circumstances of its cause, the three men stood to and watched until dawn, but the "horror" did not appear again.

Hundreds, thousands of instances of psychic phenomena in the World War may be told, and more of them will appear in an early issue of True Mystic Science *if enough readers send in requests.*

Child of Two Worlds

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Dr. Watjen was intensely interested in these phenomena. He wrote to Professor Hugo Münsterberg, the famous psychologist of Harvard University.

Now to even mention the word "occult" in the presence of Münsterberg was to invite ridicule and derision. His only motive in investigating alleged psychic phenomena was to disprove its existence, because if it were a fact, it would upset all of his philosophy.

The noted scientist, too, was autocratic and imperious. In one of his letters to Dr. Watjen he wrote:

Adherents of psychical research, with their decidedly harmful influence on the imagination of the child, ought not to be admitted. I should abandon any investigation if I found that others were working on the mind of the child in the meantime.

Münsterberg, the reader will note, was already pre-judging the case. However, he came to Warren and, as a result of some three weeks investigating Beulah, he said this to the writer:

"Whoever thinks of fraud here, misunderstands the whole situation. There was no motive for fraud. Mother, child, sister, all agreed promptly to anything that would make the test difficult. I can vouch for the honesty of the intentions of all concerned in the experiments carried on.

"Once Beulah gave six cards in succession correctly. She was, it was apparent, not aware of the words at all, as *words,* but spelled the letters without reference to their forming a word."

"Well, what's the answer, professor?" I asked. I knew Dr. Münsterberg very well, and I had many a lively argument with him when he dropped in for an informal luncheon with the boys in the old Memorial Hall dining room. It occurred to me that the famous educator was getting into deep water with these admissions, but he had an explanation which was satisfactory to him, at any rate.

"As chance and fraud are out of the question, we are obliged to seek for another explanation," he announced coolly. "Telepathy, if proven, would mean a complete break with everything which science has found in the mental world. The psychologist has never discovered a case where communication from the world without, to the mind, was ever traced except over the path of the five senses; otherwise, we should have to rewrite our text books."

"I think all experiences with Beulah Miller can be explained through her subconscious noticing of unintended signs. Where no signs are given which reach her senses, she cannot read anyone's mind. It was absolutely proven by my experiments that Beulah Miller's successes turn into complete failures as soon as neither the mother nor the sister is present.

"All the experiments which I have conducted in which I, alone, or I, together with Dr. Watjen and Judge Mason, thought of words, cards, letters or numbers, did not yield better results than anyone would get by mere guessing.

"Earlier observers were convinced that Beulah could not see slight movements of persons in the room, when she was looking fixedly at the ceiling or staring straight into the eyes of the experimenter. Any psychologist, on the contrary, would say that this would be a most favorable condition for watching small signs. The extreme outside parts of her retina may bring to her vision the *unintentional* signs from her sister or mother. They keep helping her without knowing it."

Let us examine briefly, these "unintentional signs from the mother or sister," subconsciously interpretated.

Münsterberg agreed that there was nothing fraudulent about Beulah's performance, and he concedes all the facts observed by other investigators. He denies, however, that results are obtained by mind reading. His final word to me was:

"The edifice of science will not be shaken by Beulah Miller."

Among the few press representatives who succeeded in getting an opportunity to test Beulah's supernormal faculties was Mrs. Marie Coolidge Rask, feature writer on one of the big New York dailies. So impressed was Mrs. Rask with what she saw and heard that she persuaded Mrs. Miller to allow Beulah and her older sister, Gladys, to accompany her back to New York.

Mrs. Rask took the young girls to her home in Brooklyn, where there was a canary. Beulah had never before seen one, and she was greatly interested in it.

"What's it's name?" she asked.

"*You* tell me," suggested Mrs. Rask.

"Well," said Beulah, "the first letter is 'F' and there's an 'i' and an 'r' in it." She hesitated a second. "Frets," she said. "No, that isn't just right but it's as near as I can get it."

Fritz was the name!

On the following day Mrs. Rask took the children to the office of Dr. John D. Quackenbos, noted author of *Hypnotic Therapeutics* and other well-known books of a similar character, where Beulah amazed several scientists.

She demonstrated conclusively to these gentlemen that she was a mind reader. Then it was decided to test her ability to describe objects unknown to anyone in the room.

Dr. Quackenbos selected a card from a pack, which he did not look at and which he did not allow anyone else to look at. He placed it face down on the table.

"Four," said Beulah. "It's a four, isn't it? It's red, too. I think it's diamonds, but I'm not quite sure whether it's diamonds or hearts, but it's a four and it's red."

It was the four of hearts!

One man selected a bill from several in his purse, without looking at it. He closed his hand over it.

"It has two numbers on it," said Beulah. "The first is a one and the next is a zero."

It was a ten-dollar bill!

Mrs. Rask described to Beulah a gentleman who had passed on many years ago and asked her to tell her his name. Almost before she had completed the question, Beulah pronounced the first two letters of the name. The rest of it she uttered haltingly. It was a Norwegian name difficult for an American to pronounce.

Beulah was then interviewed by Professor James H. Hyslop, who pronounced her a marvel, who had established that telepathy was a fact beyond a doubt, if not something more important. She described accurately several of his deceased relatives.

"There was nothing to indicate that my relatives were present in spirit form," said Dr. Hyslop to the writer, in discussing this phase of Beulah's seemingly supernatural gift, "but to my mind that is just as reasonable a theory as to think she could get from my mind descriptions which I was able to identify of persons of whom I had not thought for years."

"How do you tell these things, Beulah?" asked Dr. Watjen.

"I don't know. I just see them," she replied.

London's Famous Tower Still Boasts of Ghosts

[*Continued from page 120*]

away from human sight. Alas, nobody had remembered to provide one! So a rude box was hastily found (it had contained a shipment of arrowheads). The body and head were unceremoniously dumped into it, and the box was placed in St. Peter-ad-Vincula.

No mark of any kind told that this was the final resting place of the innocent young queen; only tradition remembered. It wasn't until nearly 350 years had rolled by that Queen Anne Boleyn's tomb was honored with her name. Such was the treatment accorded the mother of the great Virgin Queen, Elizabeth.

This neglect was quite deliberate, of course, a part of the cruel injustice that marks the queen's indictment, trial, and execution. And why was she thus done away with? Most authorities lay the blame on the king, her husband, the polygamaniac Henry VIII. It was merely, they say, that he had spotted a new flame and wanted her for his wife. And so a filthy indictment was prepared against Anne Boleyn, every point of which she denied with true feminine dignity, but without avail; for her accusers, as it "happened," were also her judges, and she was sentenced to die.

She went to the block with astonishing and most pitiful courage. The crowd wept at her death. But there must have been too much dishonor done her here for her to find the way to the Other Side. At any rate, though she was shoved hastily into an anonymous crypt in St. Peter-ad-Vincula, she has seen to it that she has not been forgotten. In other words, her ghost was not laid, and even today is occasionally seen, wandering by night and carrying the poor, severed head under its arm.

An interesting example of this apparition's appearance occurred in 1864, and is related by Major-General Younghusband, who had it from Major-General J. D. Dundas and Field Marshal Lord Grenfell, both of the Sixtieth Rifles, quartered then in the Tower of London.

A RIFLEMAN had been on nocturnal duty outside of Queen Anne Boleyn's bedroom. One night he was discovered lying unconscious on the ground. He was accused of sleeping while on duty and was arraigned before the military court. At the court-martial he testified that he had seen a white figure approaching and had ordered it to stop. It had continued moving toward him, however, and then he had charged it with his bayonet. He met with no resistance; in fact, he said, *he passed right through it.* Turning about, he observed a terrifying sight: the figure removed its head, placed it under its arm, and faded through the wall of Queen Anne Boleyn's bedroom. The rifleman fainted.

Incredible as this testimony sounded to the court, there were others who supported it; other men who had been on duty in the same walk, who had seen the ghost, but who had not reported it for fear of being disbelieved and ridiculed. Under such a weight of evidence, of course, the court-martial promptly acquitted the rifleman.

One of the rarer ghosts of the Tower has been reported as being headless and *not* carrying a head under its arm. For a long time this apparition was regarded as an impenetrable mystery, but when historical scholars investigated, their evidence indicated a very probable solution. This revenant is believed to belong to a powerful noble of "Bloody Queen Mary's" reign, Henry Grey, Duke of Suffolk, who was beheaded on February 23, 1554.

His was a double offense—participation in Sir Thomas Wyatt's rebellion against the queen, and being the father of the gentle Lady Jane Grey, who was the queenly symbol of yet another rebellious faction. Queen Mary was relentless in her suppression of these various revolts and wiped out whole families who seemed to be dangerous for one or another reason. The heads of the innocent as well as the guilty fell by dozens on Tower Hill.

This Duke of Suffolk, like Lord Lovat, was prepared to take leave of his earthly part, but something happened, as in the case of Lovat, *after* the execution, to hamper the transition of the spirit across the Great Frontier. This was the disappearance of the Duke of Suffolk's head.

The body, like so many others, found its way to the Chapel of St. Peter-ad-Vincula, but the head, nailed up in a box of sawdust, was delivered, so the story goes, to the nuns of the Minores, a convent near the Tower. The reason for this is clear when you recall that it was the barbaric custom to nail the heads of those executed on the gate of London Bridge as a warning to all who might be thinking of turning traitor. Rich families often paid heavy bribes to prevent the heads of their members from being so displayed. This undoubtedly happened in the case of Henry Grey, Duke of Suffolk. But whereas the exposed heads were usually returned to the coffins where they belonged, the Duke's head remained in that box of sawdust, separated from his other relics.

Many decades later, a church was built on the site of the old convent in the Minores, and the box was found. When it was opened, the finders were astonished to find a human head in a perfect state of preservation!

This happened because the sawdust in the box came from very hard, old oak, and consequently contained considerable tannin, a superior preservative. At once, of course, the authorities set about to identify the head. The collection of the National Portrait Gallery finally yielded the secret: when the contemporary portrait of the Duke of Suffolk was set up next to the head, it was clear that this was the actual head of a famous Tudor nobleman! Today the head and portrait are in the possession of St. Botolph's, Aldgate. The relic itself is kept in an air-tight glass case and may be viewed by permission of the Vicar.

It is interesting, in this connection, to note that ever since the discovery of this grim *memento mori* of "bloody Mary's" reign, there has been no reported appearance of the headless revenant among the gloomy corridors of the Tower. Doubtless the knowledge that the world knows the whereabouts of all his relics is satisfying to the wraith of the once headless Duke.

THE NEW HAUNTING of the Tower is a voice or voices crashing through the dark silences after midnight. Is it a voice from the dim corners of history, a vocal reminder that murder was done more than eight hundred years ago? Or is it the voice of a modern person—the voice perhaps of the last man to be executed in the Tower, Karl Hans Lody, the German spy who faced a firing squad there in October, 1914?

Many are the possibilities as written in the Tower's black history—men who lived there only to die: Sir Thomas Overby, who was smothered with a pillow; ecclesiastics like Laud, Latimer and Cranmer; Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Thomas More (recently made a Saint by the Church of Rome), Guy Fawkes, of the infamous gunpowder plot to blow up king and parliament, who was confined in a dungeon of the Tower so small that he could neither lie down nor stand erect, but was forced to stoop day and night till he expired; Lady Jane Grey, Lady Arabella Stuart, Queen Katherine Howard (Henry the Eighth's second wife to be executed), and Queen Elizabeth's darling Earl of Essex. It is a pageant of English history.

The cynical soldiers now quartered in the Tower are pursuing the ghost. They say, "When we lay our hands on that joker, he'll be in for it."

But in such a building, so ancient and so befouled with legal crime, the chances are heavily against its being a piece of trickery. In view of this, therefore, it would be infinitely better to put the investigation of this new phenomenon into the hands of competent, scientific spiritists. Such men and women, knowing that *there can be no haunting without good and sufficient reason,* may possibly find it in their power to help the anguished spirit, now at large.

If so, they will have done good for all —for the ghost and also the nerves of the soldiers, their wives, the Yeoman Warders, and all others who make their home today in London's famous Tower.

Another Feature Article
by
Tomaso Cellani
will appear
in an early issue.

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3. Entries must be less than 1,000 words in length, and may be as short as 200 words. Style and neatness will NOT count, and every effort will be made to give the non-professional writer a fair chance. Enclose a snapshot, if you wish.

4. Your "Psychic Experience" may concern mental telepathy, clairvoyance, haunted houses, apparitions of the living or ghosts of the dead, an astral voyage, table tappings, materialization, poltergeists, a prophecy, crystal gazing, or any other form of mystic, psychic, or occult facts.

5. Contestants may submit as many entries as they wish, but separate entries must be submitted in separate envelopes. Manuscripts will be returned only if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Due care will be used in handling manuscripts, but this magazine assumes no responsibility for their safe return. The editors will not enter into any correspondence concerning entries once they have been submitted.

6. The judges will be the editors of TRUE MYSTIC SCIENCE or persons appointed by them. All persons entering the contest agree to accept as final the decisions of TRUE MYSTIC SCIENCE and its judges on any and all questions that may be raised concerning the contest.

NOTICE TO CONTESTANTS WHO HAVE ALREADY BEEN AWARDED PRIZES

Due to combining of the January and February issues in order to advance sale date, the closing date of the contest and the date of awarding the $500.00 Grand Prize has also been changed to conform. The Grand Prize award will be announced in the SEVENTH ISSUE, instead of the sixth issue, of TRUE MYSTIC SCIENCE, as previously announced.

There is still plenty of time to submit additional entries and increase your chance of winning. Send yours now.

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Name .....

Address .....

Murder in the Crystal

[*Continued from page 127*]

out. It was that of Mr. Foxwell and there was a mark of some injury to the head such as Von Bourg had said there would be.

There was, of course, a coroner's inquest, but how Mr. Foxwell got into the water is a point that was never settled.

ON THE NIGHT of Sunday, September 24, 1905, the body of Miss Mary Money, employed in a dairy at Battersea, was found on the Southern Railway in the Merstham Tunnel. Scotland Yard formed the definite theory that Miss Money, an attractive young woman of twenty-one, had committed suicide by leaping from the train as it passed through the tunnel.

Von Bourg's success in the Foxwell case led to his giving a séance in the dead girl's home at Kingston Hill, where he arrived with his egg-shaped crystal in which he had seen the vision of the missing stockbroker.

The séance was held in a room over the Moneys' dairy shop. There were four persons present, a brother and sister of Miss Money, Von Bourg, and a psychical investigator. In the center of the floor was a trunk containing Miss Money's clothes.

Von Bourg said: "I am going to put the crystal into this trunk in order that it may breathe the atmosphere."

For a few minutes the crystal rested amongst the clothes, and then Von Bourg took it out, placed it on a silk cloth in his hands and gazed into its depths.

"Do you see anything?" asked the investigator after a moment or two.

"Yes, I do," he said, "but I will not say what I see until others see it, too."

The investigator requested Miss Money's brother to go over to Von Bourg and look into the crystal.

He complied.

"Can you see anything?"

"No," he said.

"You must give it a chance," the investigator urged. "You cannot expect to see all at once."

Suddenly the brother exclaimed: "By jove, I can see something!"

The investigator asked the sister to gaze into the crystal.

She looked over Von Bourg's shoulder into the crystal and saw at once the moving pictures in it.

For some minutes the brother and sister described what they saw in full, just as though they were turning the pages of a picture book. First there was the train running along and then concentration on a particular carriage. They recognized it as a first-class carriage, and they saw a woman and a man on a seat.

The figures were too minute to be clearly recognized, but they noticed that the woman was young and wore a scarf like their sister wore, and that the man had a bowler hat.

As they watched, they saw the man stand up and grip the woman by the throat and arms. For some moments there was a desperate struggle. They saw the woman's hat knocked off and they saw the train enter the tunnel. By this time the man had pushed the woman to the door of the carriage. Then they saw the door opened, the woman thrust out and the man fall back on the seat of the carriage. (It must be remembered that English seating is arranged in compartments to which there are individual doors.)

That seemed the climax, but when the psychical investigator asked whether they saw anything more, they described the train passing out of the tunnel and coming to a station, where the man got out and hurried away. Last of all, before the vision faded, they saw a great white light from a signal box.

"A white light from a signal box?" the investigator questioned, and asked Von Bourg what it might mean.

"My impression is," he said, "that it is a symbol and that a great light will be thrown on this tragedy from a signal box."

That séance was held on the last day of September. Others following it, at which Dr. Abraham Wallace and Rear Admiral Usborne Moore were present, confirmed the vision of the struggle in the train and the light that was still to come.

On October 17th, Von Bourg's clairvoyantly induced vision in the crystal came true. The signalman in charge of the Purley Oaks signal box near the tunnel was called as a witness at the adjourned inquest. He stated that as the train passed his box he saw a man and woman struggling in a first-class carriage.

Notwithstanding this evidence, and that of the medical witnesses, that the bruises on Miss Money's arms and head were caused while she was in the train, the jury returned an open verdict on the ground that the evidence did not show whether she was thrown out of the train or whether she fell out.

A verdict so feeble was severely criticized, particularly by Professor Churton Collins, who wrote a masterly review of "The Merstham Tunnel Mystery and Its Lessons."

Churton Collins was Professor of Literature in the University of Birmingham and both he and Maxse were investigating the case from the point of view of the criminologist. The psychic clues and those gathered by the criminologist all pointed in one direction and in one direction only—murder.

WHEN THE POLICE threw down the evidence of the Purley Oaks signalman and declared that from his box on the line it was impossible for him to see passengers struggling in a passing train, Professor Churton Collins went to Sir William Forbes, then general manager of the Brighton Railway, and received from him a permit to test the signalman's evidence for himself.

With an official of the line he went to Purley Oaks signal box and saw the train pass by in which the struggle had been described. It was an evening train, the 9:13 from London Bridge. The carriages were lighted, and Churton Collins affirmed that the signalman was correct in swearing that he could see what was happening in them.

"You know how very near-sighted I am," he said, "yet, with my limited vision, I could not only see perfectly the passengers in the train, but I could tell you what they were wearing."

Churton Collins related his experience to his friend, Sir Melville Macnaghten, who was at that time Chief of the Criminal Investigation Department at Scotland Yard. Nothing, however, was ever effectively done by the police. But Churton Collins wrote in his article:

"Investigation has taken an entirely false direction in consequence of the acceptance in authoritative quarters of the theory that suicide and not murder is the solution of the Merstham Tunnel Mystery. This is demonstrably untenable, the evidence is absolutely conclusive against such an hypothesis. . . .

"The whole history of this case points not only to some serious deficiency in our methods of criminal investigation, both as concerns the conduct of inquests and as it concerns the detective police, but to culpable indifference and laxity on the part of those who could, either as ordinary citizens or as having official authority, assist justice."

If the vision in the crystal and the results of Churton Collins' investigation had been accepted, the Merstham Tunnel Mystery would never have been left unsolved.

Von Bourg remained in London, a noted crystal gazer, until the beginning of the World War. Though he was a Swiss and not a German subject, his name was then rather against him, and influential friends made it possible for him to go to the United States.

ASK FOR TRUE MYSTIC SCIENCE AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND . . .

When a Famous Skeptic Bowed to Spiritism

[*Continued from page 117*]

know. If we got enough of these, we should be liable to say to ourselves, "Sure enough, that's John Doe! Only *he* would know those things!"

That is the sort of evidence required to prove survival, and that is the sort of evidence which has been received in such quantities through Mrs. Piper. She has certainly done a great work in proving survival to scientific men. She has provided scientific evidence, instead of merely emphasized the necessity for revelation and faith.

It must not be thought, however, that this process of communication is an easy one. Every indication seems to prove, on the other hand, that it is a most difficult and laborious one. Let us try and imagine some of the difficulties which might be involved in attempting communication such as this.

You are a spiritual being and have learned to use or manipulate your own body and brain through years of constant effort. Even then your control of it is by no means perfect. Now, suppose that you were suddenly transposed into *another* living body and had to use *that* body to express your thoughts and ideas. You would doubtless find all sorts of impediments and difficulties which you little suspected. That body would have little tricks and automatic processes of its own, which would tend to express themselves without your volition, and you might find yourself saying and doing things which you never intended to. Doubtless this is exactly what happens when a spiritual entity controls a medium's body from the other side.

Then, too, you would have the medium's subconscious mind with which to contend, a portion of which is always left behind, so to say, even in the best mediumship. This would tend to express itself, also, and perhaps conflict with your ideas, so that there would be confusion—your mind and that of the medium. This complicates matters, and makes it difficult to sift the wheat from the chaff in these mediumistic communications. For, on any theory, the spiritual entity must manifest *through* the medium.

OTHER THEORIES have been advanced by way of attempting to account for these extraordinary phenomena. One of these is telepathy or thought transference. We know that this exists and that it is seemingly regardless of time and space. This being so, it may be thought: If I go to a medium, such as Mrs. Piper, and she tells me all sorts of things about my relatives, what is to prevent her from reading my mind, and getting all these facts from *it*, instead of from the spirits of the dead? Perhaps we need not invoke the spirits at all, in order to find an adequate explanation!

Of course, this is the crux of the whole problem, and there are many opinions concerning it, even among those who are convinced of the facts themselves. From the scientific standpoint, we must agree to discount all facts which are known to the sitter (even if forgotten) and assume that these *may* have been gained by thought transference.

But many facts are told which the sitter never knew. What then? . . . We should have to assume that the mind of the medium somehow reached out into space and contacted other living minds which *did* know them. It is extremely difficult to obtain material known to *no* living person. So that, if this sort of unlimited telepathy is accepted, it becomes increasingly difficult to prove survival.

Because of this, many ingenious tests have been devised, of late years, in order to escape this difficulty as far as possible. What are known as "post-mortem" letters have been tried—letters written by someone in life and sealed up, and their contents given through a medium before they were opened. Some of these have been attempted; but even if they were more successful than they have been, it is difficult to rule out clairvoyance as an explanation. Might not the medium's mind have read the sealed letter?

Then attempts have been made to obtain *parts* of a message through various mediums through what are known as cross correspondences. A part of a message is given through one medium, and a part through another, and after several such parts have been obtained, these are all patched together, and a consistent, whole message is obtained. Many of these have been tried most successfully, and in such cases it is difficult to invoke telepathy as the explanation. It would seem, rather, that one directive mind is running the whole show, so to say, from the "other side."

Again there are psychological tests, such as those described with Mrs. Eileen Garrett (A. P. I., *Bulletin* I.), in which a personality stamp was obtained; and in many instances information has been secured which was in *no* living mind, such as the discovery of a lost will. All such instances point quite strongly toward the spiritistic explanation as the true one.

This is a difficult and complex subject, which has been discussed over hundreds of printed pages in minute detail; and I shall not bore the reader with technicalities any longer. Suffice it to say that, after taking all the various theories into consideration, and allowing for all possible difficulties, many eminent men of science, who have familiarized themselves with the facts, have emerged convinced of survival, and stated their belief that it has been proved. Dr. Hodgson tried the telepathic hypothesis for ten years, and the spiritualistic hypothesis for ten years, and at the end of that time declared that the latter was the most sane, logical and consistent one, and the only one capable of explaining all the facts adequately. (Personally, I place as much reliance on the spiritistic hypothesis as the spiritualistic.)

And Dr. Hodgson was a most levelheaded and cautious man!

Mrs. Piper has played an enormous part in this modern investigation; for forty years she was the crack medium of the world, and today at seventy she is still alive—though her mediumship has naturally declined with her advancing years. Her place has been more or less taken by Mrs. Osborne Leonard and other, younger mediums. But, no matter what they may do, Mrs. Piper will always be remembered as the great pioneer medium who devoted her life to the cause of scientific research and who was instrumental in convincing so many of the truth of survival.

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Psychometry Is My Life

[*Continued from page 123*]

with great fervor and usually with much high-blown praise. The operator then opens the question in hand, reads it, and discards it. Actually he has really read the questions of the *second* client—not the first. In this way the operator is preinformed, and when he takes up the questions of the second person, he is holding the ballot of the third person. Being fully informed of the questions of the second person, he delivers an "uncanny" message. He "mows them down." And so it goes on and on.

I do not say all those who use this procedure are fakers, but I do believe that some are.

These three methods—questions with an article, questions without an article and no questions or articles—are the usual methods employed by a psychometrist. Psychometry interests me more than anything else. I am a psychometrist. Psychometry is my life!

* * *

I shall now give ten questions, and my answers, selected from the many hundreds sent me by readers of TRUE MYSTIC SCIENCE. First, however, I am leading off with part of a letter sent me by a patient at a sanatorium whose diamond ring I was able to recover by psychometrizing one of her letters—when she thought the ring had been stolen.

My dear Rev. Shea:

Remember my asking your information as to the whereabouts of Mother's diamond ring? Well, here is part of a letter I received from my niece last evening after asking her to look among materials (the writer's own belongings) as you advised:

"Last night I was getting things together, and cleaned out your cedar chest —guess what? I found Mother's ring in the box where you used to keep money, it was wrapped in a tissue. Was I pleased!"

You can imagine the joy it gave me, Rev. Shea. . . . I expect you will be kept busy answering letters from here.

Most sincerely yours,
Irene Sweeney,
Stony Wold Sanatorium,
Lake Kushaqua,
New York.

* * *

Question—My problem in life is determining my vocation. I have, at various periods, wanted to be a musician, writer, inventor—and, for a time, I seriously considered priesthood. I wound up by being a physician. What would you advise?

E. J. (M.D.), Illinois.

Answer—I appreciate your desires and your ambitions. There is no doubt in my mind that you are driven, relentlessly, by your ambitions. I feel you are potentially successful clay. I feel you will find success. As I hold your letter, I see a psychic symbol: I see you walking along a broad road—a highway. Occasionally you stop and pick up various objects, then cast them aside. I see you picking up a piece of fruit, tasting it and casting it away. I see you picking up a piece of bread, tasting it and casting it aside. I see you picking up a nut. You try to break its shell, but it does not yield. After much futile effort to break it, I see you stop alongside the highway and plant it deeply in good soil. You sit and watch it. As time passes, the nut has taken root and prospers. It grows into a large tree and bears an abundance of fruits (nuts). I see you breaking the shells of these nuts, easily, and feasting thereon. In that, the symbol ends. Interpreted, this means you have tried many vehicles of work expression without success. You persisted until, finally, you found the right vehicle—as a physician. Time will pass until you find your reward—your abundance—as a physician. I advise you against professional changes. I do believe a location change will be necessary. I wish you peace.

* * *

Question—I feel possessed. I have had long spells of hysteria and have not felt able to claim my true self. I feel dead.

Miss T. L., Chicago, Ill.

Answer—The "possessed" feeling may be caused by several things. A spirit guide may be trying to entrance you. Or it may be a sign of mediumship (influence of a guide). It is not mental. Your natural spiritual senses are being awakened. It is not dangerous, and when you learn to cope with it, it could be a very satisfying thing. Relax, pray, meditate. When that "hysterical" feeling comes, accept it. It may be the nearness of a spirit friend. Talk with it, the same as you would with a fellow human. Let it know it is welcome as a guest—a friend. Tell it you do not want it to possess you. It must obey. It must respect your desires. Why not look up some reputable Chicago psychic or medium and join a development class. It would help you. I wish you progress.

* * *

Question—For more than eleven years I have been attempting to advance some work and bring it before the public. . . . We have twice tried to interest a noted scientist in our work but, while he seems interested . . .

L. W., Indianapolis, Ind.

Answer—I do not abuse your hopes and feelings in this matter, but I do feel you should change your ideas entirely and make a different approach. A new program is advised. Make a new effort under a different plan. It is good, and it will be proven to be good and gainful later. I certainly advise against immediate publication. I feel during 1939 you will find more definite help and co-operation in this matter. I encourage you. Peace to you.

* * *

Question—I feel we should go to California. Will my husband succeed in his plan—his desire?

Writer wishes to remain unnamed.

Answer—I heartily agree with you and advise the California jaunt. I feel it will be all you hope for and will cause a new hope and peace in your life—a new beginning. Your husband will begin a new plan, a new venture which will prove successful. He is a fine person. Your California trip will not be just a pleasure trip, but will turn out to be your permanent home.

* * *

Question—For some time I have shown definite psychic ability. I would like to know if I could really develop more in this line. I started out by reading cards, but . . .

Dorothy E. B. Whitman, Mass.

Answer—There are many vehicles of expression in spiritual truth. Tealeaf readers, card readers, soothsayers, psychics, mediums—one as important as the other—all serving a singular purpose: to help fellow humans. Few card readers and leaf readers are really reading the cards or tea-leaves. They are really phychics giving what they see or hear, using these instruments as concentration points. The main point is to give out exactly what you see or hear. In this way you develop. The more you give the more you get; that is the law. I do not belittle your card reading. I feel you have psychic ability and that it should grow into a definite development.

* * *

Question—Two members of the clergy have testified against us. They lied. Will we lose the case? The action of the two clergymen has shaken my faith . . .

Mrs. M. F., Chicago, Ill.

Answer—I do not see defeat for you in this legal matter. There is no doubt in my mind it is messy. I see a compromise settlement. I do not see defeat. But, do not abuse the church or the Mass. All churches are based on good principles. The errors of the minions of the church must not reflect on the church. There are good and bad people in all religions. There are dishonest priests and ministers and rabbis. There are dishonest policemen and dishonest mechanics. The human equation cannot be gauged, but do not lose your faith in your church because of this hypocrisy!

* * *

Question—I have tried for years to develop spiritually. Do you think I am wasting my time?

Kushaqua, N. Y.

Answer—Spiritual development at the best is a long, hard road. If you are interested, you must persist. Real development is best attained under the guidance of a developed medium or psychic. Try to find such a person. I do feel you have a latent talent for this form of expression. Do not become discouraged, but persist. Do not

[*Continued on page 156*]

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[*Continued from page 154*]
"sit" alone. Find someone to sit with you, or find a professional class.

* * *

Question— . . . And so you have my story. What do you advise?

Frank J. Kouba,
222 W. 68th St., Chicago, Ill.

Answer—I read your poem several times. There is no doubt you have suffered greatly. I realize it is easy for me to say forget it—but you must put it aside. Wish her and them well. That is the godly thing to do. The past is dead. The tomorrows of life are always urging us onward. The promises and hopes of tomorrow are always belittling the past. So it should be. Find yourself companionship and dwell therein—in peace. Such is the promise of your peaceful outlook—possibilities.

Question—How can you account for the feelings I had when this happened?

Mrs. Marie W., Ill.

Answer—I understand your hunger and longing. I understand the surge of feeling that comes with the "touch of the hand" when soulmates meet! There is no doubt in my psychic mind it was meant to be. I am glad you have finally realized the *karmic* influence behind his friendship. But, wait! Be patient. Do not force things, issues or persons. In your waiting you will find complete possession and fulfillments. Be happy in the knowledge you have found what you want—and what belongs to you, *karmically.*

* * *

Question—Should I continue to study for a doctor's career? I am in love with a certain girl, a movie star? Will it materialize?

Forrest O., Memphis.

Answer—I like the idea of your studying to be a doctor. It will be a long, hard road, but in the end it will prove to be your successful vehicle. I do not see or feel that the certain movie actress will ever be a part of your life. It is not she with whom you are in love. She represents an idea—what you need in love and companionship. She is representative rather than objective. If it gives you happiness to love and admire her, why not? Just so you keep happy and rational about it. You have years of study and preparation ahead of you before marriage comes.

In an early issue of True Mystic Science *Rev. Evan Shea will write his adventurous wanderings around the world, guided through pitfalls and perils by spirit entities. He will also give you advice on how to develop your psychic power.*

Your Penstroke Is Your Love Compass

[*Continued from page 133*]

and is, therefore, quite an interesting individual in affairs of the heart.

Having the same characteristics as the small backhand writing, is the compressed writing—where the letters are narrow and close together. Even if the writing itself

is forward-sloping—"C" to "A" on the compass—nevertheless, the compressed letters are evidence of an emotionally repressed nature. It is very difficult for such people, no matter how deeply emotional, to give vent to their feelings. They are very often misunderstood, and tend to live within themselves a great deal, just as the small backhand writers.

Very often I have been asked, "Am I suited to such and such a person; will I be happy with the man to whom I am engaged?" If young people would stop to analyze each other frankly before venturing into married life, and if married people turned to their mates with an effort to understand them, much marital unhappiness could be avoided. Too often writers on the right side of the love compass get mixed up matrimonially with people whose writing is on the left side of "C" on the love compass, and the results are of course not the best.

If it be true that opposites attract each other, it is not, however, true that they continue to love each other. The small backhand writer wants to crawl into his shell. The forward-sloping, expansive writer loves to whoop it up. Two such people may fall in love with each other, but in practical matrimonial life they will encounter one contradiction after another. The same holds true for a person who writes a heavy handwriting who marries an individual whose script is quite light. The former will want to enjoy all the material things in life, while the latter may be interested in missionary work or an intellectual life.

Generally speaking, to use our love compass again, writers on the right side of "C" should marry each other, while those to the left of "C" are best mated to those who also write one or another degree of backhand. Only the vertical writers, under "C," can safely inter-marry with those slightly to the right or slightly to the left of them. Similarly, the people using much pressure in the writing would be, from a physical standpoint, happier with mates who were also inclined to write rather heavy.

In the case of people who are already married, and not ideally mated to each other, according to the love compass, it is still not impossible to repair the deepening rifts if the husband and wife try to recognize their individual differences and adjust themselves accordingly.

Only through understanding can love flourish.

Everybody a Medium, Says Maude Kline

[*Continued from page 121*]

This was a doubly modest statement, since Miss Kline herself has been psychic since the age of nine.

Another fairly recent demonstration of Maude Kline's billet-reading ability took place in conjunction with the New Jersey convention in Camden. She read billets, blindfolded, between the time of her trance inducement at 9:11 P. M. until the return of her conscious personality at exactly 10:08 P. M., a period of fifty-eight minutes. Deducting time out for precious but wasted seconds when persons in the audience, either through nervousness or stupidity, failed to answer to identifying symbols upon their billets, the actual working time showed that she had given practically a message a minute.

This rapidity, combined with accuracy and more amplification of billet contents than would be expected at such a rate of impressions, was of great interest to investigating observers.

When Maude Kline comes out of the trance state she remembers nothing concerning the messages she has received and given. But often her guide, Mayflower, will not permit her to speak aloud, before a public audience, the full length of a message if the content be of too personal a nature concerning the person receiving the communication.

Miss Kline often passes a billet beneath the palm of her right hand with her left hand. Some psychic observers say that it has been proven possible to develop, through the nerves of the palm, a sensitive vision perhaps somewhat akin in a physical aspect to psychometry. But when Miss Kline gives intimate facts concerning a person who has passed away—facts of which no mention was made in the writing of the billet—then it is most difficult to accept a theory of hyper-sensitive physical vision through the palm.

Maude Kline's mediumship should undoubtedly be a significant one, whether to the spiritualist, the spiritist, the metaphysician or the highly critical psychic researcher.

TRUE MYSTIC SCIENCE MAGAZINE Is Published Monthly
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Letters from Our Readers

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STARTLING WARNING

MY FATHER was highly educated and the son of a well-to-do man. He was a gifted inventor, also, but he gambled, and, although he dearly loved his family, this trait often caused us to suffer hardships. His father financed him in many ventures which, due to neglect, suffered collapse. Then in the spring of 1909 he sent him to Cuba on business, and it is of this trip and its queer episodes that I write.

I was a young girl at the time, but whether it was my Scotch ancestry or not, I had the odd gift of being able by concentration to often foretell things. As I grew older, this became annoying in that I was given no rest by friends, until I was finally compelled to refuse to do it. Although I did not develop the talent, it returns at times.

But back to 1909—my father had been gone several days when I had a dream or vision, as you will. We were living in an old Colonial house which was oddly planned. The downstairs was arranged in three rooms, one room went the length of the house and was a combination dining room and kitchen. A wide hall went down between this room and the living room and a rear room, which was my parents' bedroom. There were two doors in the large room; one at each end opening into the hall, and a rear door to the back porch. This large room and the bedroom were the scene of my vision, which I now give you.

I was standing in the big room talking to Mother when a knock came at the rear door. I opened it and a man stepped into the room wearing a long grayish-white coat and cap. He had a white beard—an unforgettable face. He closed the door and asked me for a piece of paper, which I gave him. He wrote on it, "That man will die September 13th." I looked at him and asked, "What man?" He took me by the hand and, opening the hall door, he pointed across to where Father was sitting on the bed. Blood was pouring from his mouth into a basin and his hands clutched his throat. A terrible fear entered me as the man quietly closed the door, and I went to Mother, who was having hysterics. The old man turned, and as he went out the rear door he repeated, "That man will die September 13th." He pointed at Mother, "But you will live to be ninety-nine." Then the vision changed, and I was standing at the foot of a street listening to the tramp, tramp, tramp of many feet, and around the corner came a long line of Father Time and death spectres; behind them my two young brothers were strewing goldenrod before a black hearse, in which I sensed that my father's body lay, followed by my mother in deep mourning.

I burst into tears to waken, in my nightdress, clinging to my mother downstairs. I told her of the vision and she consoled me with the theory that it was just a nightmare, but we did tell the vivid "dream" to several people.

Now to the very unusual part of all this —some time later Father came home, crippled. As he had expected to be gone for some weeks, his return was alarming. He explained it thus:

A terrific storm hit shortly after they left New York and passengers were forbidden to go on deck, but he disobeyed and went out, only to be thrown down a hatch where his leg caught in a chain. He hung suspended until he lost consciousness, when suddenly he saw a great light and realized that he was in the presence of God, and on each side of him his deceased mother and sister stood pleading with God to permit him to live, as he was needed by his family. God refused, saying that many opportunities of doing right had been given him and he had failed. The pleading went on for a long time, and finally God reprieved him for six months, but if at the end of that time he had not made good, He would recall him. Then the light began to fade, and he heard voices and found himself in his stateroom with the steward and doctor working over him.

His leg was so twisted, he did not get off the boat, but returned when the boat did.

Everything went beautifully for months, then he gradually slipped back into old ways. On September 5th, Mother was called to Brooklyn where my aunt was seriously ill, and that night Father did not come home. The next night he returned weak and ill. He had had a tooth drawn in New York City, had fainted in the street from loss of blood, and had been taken to a hospital.

We sent for Mother, and when she came we called a doctor. Our own not available, we called a strange doctor. When he came, Mother and I were in the big room. He drove into the back and knocked at the rear door. When I opened it, an old man with white, bearded face and white duster and cap stood there, *the same man of my dream.* As he turned to the door into the hall, I looked across it—Father was sitting on the edge of the bed, blood pouring from his mouth into a basin. They took him to the hospital where he died *September 13th,* six months after his fall, and on the day of the funeral my two brothers came into the house with arms laden with goldenrod, their flowers for him.

A. J. Parmley,
4921 U St.,
Little Rock, Ark.

VISIONS OF DISASTER

I SAW THE CRASH of the Shenandoah, two weeks before it occurred, as a waking vision coming to me in full daylight.

Even at this late date, I think it would be possible to verify what I have to tell. I described my experience to at least half a dozen people in Lakehurst, where we were living, and some of them are probably still there and would remember the matter.

My husband at that time was Chief Mechanic's Mate on the airship, and was one of the original test crew which had made a number of flights. On the day of my vision he and I were sitting in our living room; he was reading and I was doing some sewing. All at once, without any warning sign, the room began to fade out of my sight, and in its place came a mist like a cloud of steam. A peculiar feeling—I cannot describe it—came over me, and all consciousness of my actual surroundings disappeared, but I saw an image of the Shenandoah as if in flight. This seemed to be outside of me, as if projected against the mist, and I heard the sound of the motors. A moment later I saw storm clouds, flashes of lightning, and heard thunder. I then saw the ship begin to break up, the gondolas twist and collapse and fall toward the earth. The tail of the ship was wrecked, and part of it seemed to fall loose.

A moment after this, I seemed to be on the ground where the ship had fallen; saw bodies scattered about and some of them caught in trees. And then I seemed to be running about frantically, looking at each body and trying everywhere to find my husband. I saw and recognized the bodies of Mr. Wm. Spratley, of Mr. Sullivan, of another officer whose name I cannot now remember, and of others—all of whom were killed when the actual crash occurred about two weeks later. While I was still hunting for my husband, the mist began to disappear. I came back to normal consciousness to find my husband chafing my hands and holding a glass of water for me. He had been disturbed by my heavy breathing, had found me in a trance-like condition, with eyes wide open and glassy, and had been greatly alarmed. I felt very weak and mentally distressed and was covered with a cold perspiration.

At my insistence my husband got himself transferred from the ship to ground duty the next day, and the man who replaced him was killed in the accident. I recall that he was a married man with three children, but do not remember his name.

Two years later we were taking an automobile trip, and were passing through a rolling country which seemed strangely familiar to me. A cold chill passed over me, and I told my husband, "This is exactly like the country that I saw in my vision of the crash of the airship." He pulled the car to one side of the road, stopped it and sat looking at me. "This is exactly where it occurred," he said. I certainly did not know consciously that

[*Continued on page 166*]

How Planets Foretell the Destiny of America

[*Continued from page 131*]

and popular rights—Uranus and the Moon—as they did in 1861. It means that we shall have a struggle on our hands in 1942, in which democracy and the people will again triumph, and re-establish for another eighty-four years the principles for which we fought in 1776 and 1861. It means, in Lincoln's phrase, that "this country, under God, shall have a new birth in freedom" in 1942-44, as it had in 1861-63. And it means that we shall go forward stronger and better equipped to fulfill our manifest destiny of carrying the blessings of democracy and the earth to the least of the creatures under our flag.

The struggle is not going to be easy. Saturn accompanies Uranus into Gemini this time, indicating the stubbornness with which the interested parties of 1942 will fight—a stubbornness perhaps not suspected now by even them. The struggle has been going on now—has been going on—ever since 1929, when Neptune (who brought us the speculative prosperity of 1914-1929) left Leo and entered Virgo where he was at the time of the birth of the nation. Neptune reaches his own place in this chart in 1938-1939. From then till 1943 is an inter-regnum; and when Neptune reaches Libra, where he was when the Constitution was signed, we shall, in a very real sense, have a new constitution. It will embody for the Twentieth Century ideals as new as the original constitution did for the Eighteenth. The Eighteenth Century constitution, under which we still work, embodied revolutionary principles of political and civil equality.

The new, 1943 constitution, which may merely be the present constitution heavily amended, will embody revolutionary principles of *economic* equality, without sacrificing any of the civil or political rights demanded by the people and by the American principle. It will not be Fascism, or communism, or socialism, or monarchy, or dictatorship. It will be democracy at last made a real, as well as theoretical, principle. It will be the extension to economic fields of the political and civil rights which all men now have.

DESTINY'S CREED for the United States is to teach the Twentieth Century world the way of life now, as we taught the Eighteenth Century world then. We Americans are the custodians of the Aquarian Age of Humanitarianism and the Brotherhood of Man which, according to the pyramidologists, began September 16, 1936. We are the holders of the torch of liberty in an age that stresses economics as the Eighteenth Century stressed politics. We are going to fight, and fight hard, to hold that torch aloft in a world where dictators and anarchy struggle for the ascendancy. We are going to win this fight—the people are going to win—for in the long run, while the nation endures, the people cannot lose.

No astrologer who knows this chart can be skeptical or pessimistic about the ultimate destiny of our nation. He might wish it could be accomplished with less strife than seems indicated. But as to the final outcome, the triumph of the people over all selfishness, all greed, all want, he can have no serious doubt.

It may be pertinent here to say a word about the horoscope of President Roosevelt. Like Lincoln, he is an Aquarian; like Lincoln, though sprung from a different soil, he is a fighter for the people's rights. The tragedy of Roosevelt is that he was elected for the first time in 1932, instead of in 1940. I do not think he can be re-elected in 1940. I do not think, even, that his principles can be re-elected. Because for Roosevelt, as for Hamlet, the "times were out of joint." He came to power as Saturn transmitted his Sun—could not, indeed, fail to come to power then. But the minds of the people were not yet geared to his Uranian principles. They will not be till 1942. He has fought manfully for them, and by 1944, they will be accomplished realities. But they will not be accomplished under his leadership, though he will be recognized as having broken the ground and planted the seed.

Imagine that Lincoln had been elected in 1852, instead of 1860, for the first time, and you have a picture of Roosevelt. He was ready for reform, but the country was not—not, that is, as ready as it will be by 1942. Perhaps he was needed to break the ground. But really, what the country needed in 1932 was what it had before Lincoln—a conservative, ineffectual Buchanan, who would have allowed things to come to a head for the solution of a great leader. Hoover should have been elected in 1932; under him, we would have recognized the need that Roosevelt could have filled.

What leader is in store for us in 1940? A conservative, under whom we shall backslide from the principles that 1932-39 have tried to get across to us. Swiftly, after January 20, 1940, things develop. The man inaugurated on that day will not serve out his term. He and his government will fall before the elections of 1942, and a new spirit will sweep the country. It will be called by various and ugly names by its enemies, by more sanctified names than it deserves by its friends. By whatever names it may be called, it has but one name—and it aims at but one inescapable destiny. It is the flowering of the democratic spirit in the economic Twentieth Century, and it is the inevitable step we must make to fulfill our destiny of leading the nations of the earth out of the New Dark Age of Fear and Force, into the light of reason and equality for all men.

He Saves Souls

[*Continued from page 126*]

REV. WILLETTE told this writer that, time and again, Chester Cygan's spirit would manifest clearly to him. Again and again Rev. Willette pleaded and begged the boy, for his mother's sake, to tell the location of his body. But still Chester could not be made to realize that he had drowned in Duck Lake.

Other hard-fought attempts were made by Rev. Willette to find Chester's body with the aid of the map, but the elements proved too severe. But such encouragement came through to Willette from the spirit world on the night of April 13th that he determined to renew all his efforts. Rev. Willette said:

"The Sacred Science class, during its regular meeting, brought such startling, unbelievable test work through the mediumships of Joanna Bergman, Adele Lang, Katherine Mitchell, Myrtle Mertz, Julia and Myrtle Flournoy, Rose St. Denis, Mary and Charles Knight, Jessie Martin, Hedwig Lueck, Louise Martin, Magdalene Johnson, my mother, Margaret L. Willette, and myself, that the urge to return to Duck Lake could not be subdued.

"The spirit world had in this class revealed to us, without a question of a doubt, that the body would be found the following morning. Consequently, preparations were made by telephone, and Mrs. Thomas and I again left, at three in the morning of April 14, arriving at Duck Lake at 4:30 A. M., having driven sixty-six miles from Chicago."

Rev. Willette and Mrs. Thomas immediately rowed to the spot marked on the spirit-drawn map as where Chester's drowned body could be found.

As they approached the spot, Mrs. Thomas—sitting in the stern, she was able to face forward, while Willette, who was rowing, had his back to their point of destination—suddenly saw a mistlike form rise above the water. And this was no grim, symbolic spectre of death; it was the manifestation of Chester Cygan. The boy had suddenly realized his own drowning, and he was now doing all in his power to aid those who searched for his body.

Rev. Willette soon went to work with a fourteen-foot pole, located the body. After considerable effort, the two mediums got the heavy, water-logged body of the six-foot boy in tow and brought it to shore.

Rev. Willette had finished his job. Blue Feather's map had been correct, and Mrs. Thomas had been the keen instrument necessary to draw it.

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The Enigmatic Prophet

[*Continued from page 137*]

in the glow of Mormon prosperity.

Smith at this time had a kingly, commanding air. He has been described as looking like the prophet, Mohammet. He was six feet tall, weighed two hundred and twelve pounds and had blond hair and snapping blue eyes that seemed to look into people's very souls. He was bold, daring and courageous, and one of his mottoes was: "Never be discouraged."

Nothing during his life ever discouraged Joseph Smith. Back in Missouri a mob came to his home one Saturday night, dragged him out of bed, tore off his clothes and smeared hot tar over his body. They threatened to hang him then and warned him not to preach Mormonism the following Sunday on peril of his life.

Smith staggered home through the winter darkness, got his wife and some of his friends to help scrub the tar off him the rest of the night—and the following morning he preached the doctrine of Mormonism just as usual, and as though nothing had happened.

On other occasions he was thrown into jail, beaten and abused—and never for a moment did he weaken. Whatever the secret of Joseph Smith's great inner strength and confidence was it sustained him to the last. So sure of himself was he that, in 1838, before his name had got outside the United States, he wrote these words in his diary:

In consequence of the work I am destined to do my name will be heard in good and evil among all nations and tongues. Both good and evil will be spoken of me among all people.

That prophecy was fulfilled to the letter. After his death the fame of Mormonism and of Joseph Smith spread to all parts of the earth. In far-off capitals of Europe, in Asia, Africa and South America, people argued for and against the teachings of Joseph Smith. Some called him a fiend, a humbug or an anti-Christ. Some said he was divinely inspired.

OTHER PROPHECIES that Joseph Smith made were even more startlingly correct. The most famous of them concerned the Civil War and was spoken nearly thirty years before war broke out. For on December 25th, 1932, Joseph Smith said:

"Verily, wars will shortly come to pass, beginning at the rebellion of South Carolina, which will eventually terminate in the death and misery of many souls.

"The days will come that war will be poured out upon all nations, beginning at that place. For behold, the Southern states shall be divided against the Northern states, and the Southern states will call on other nations, even the nation of Great Britain, as it is called, and they shall also call upon other nations, and thus war will be poured out on many countries. And it shall come to pass, after many days, slaves shall rise up against their masters, who shall be marshalled and disciplined for war."

This was uncanny knowledge, surely—a dramatic prophecy that was fulfilled on April 12th, 1861, when the first guns of the Civil War roared at Fort Sumpter, South Carolina.

And, just as clearly, just as forcefully, Smith foretold his own death.

Trouble had come to Nauvoo. J. C. Bennett, an adventurer from the East, arrived in the Mormon city and worked his way up to a high position on the civic councils. He had ambitions of his own and managed to collect a fair-sized following. On June 7, 1844, he published the first issue of a newspaper called the *Expositor*. In it he poured out scandalous abuse of Smith and his doctrines, accusing him of criminal acts that Smith had never committed. In retaliation Joseph Smith ordered the paper suppressed and the plant locked up. Legally he had a right to do this, for he was mayor of the city, and the stuff the *Expositor* had printed had been libelous.

But Smith's enemies had been waiting for just such a chance as this. They rose against him like a pack of howling wolves. He was accused of being a ruthless dictator and criminal. Communities for miles around armed themselves against Nauvoo. They demanded Smith's arrest and the disbanding of Smith's Mormon army, the Nauvoo Legion, as it was called.

These soldiers were such well-drilled fighters that no one dared come to Nauvoo after Smith. Smith could have saved his life by staying in Nauvoo and letting his own men defend him. But there had been too much violence and bloodshed in Mormon history already, he thought. He was a man of peace at heart. When Governor Ford of Illinois asked him to come to Carthage and submit to legal procedure, Joseph Smith decided to take that course. He knew, with his strange occult prescience, that it meant death for him. For, when he took the road to Carthage with his brother Hyrum and several others, he was met by a company of state cavalry, and he said gravely:

"I am going like a lamb to the slaughter, but I am calm as a summer morning. I have a conscience void of offence toward God and towards all men. I shall die innocent, and it shall yet be said of me—he was murdered in cold blood."

Governor Ford was in Carthage and he assured Smith that he would hold himself personally responsible for the Mormon prophet's safety. Smith was not convinced, however. His blue, uncannily bright eyes

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fixed themselves first on the governor and then on a group of army officers and important citizens who were gathered in the lobby of the hotel where Smith had been taken.

"You can not see what is in my heart," Smith said, "but I can see in yours and will tell you what I see. I can see that you thirst for my blood and nothing but my blood will satisfy you. It is not for crime of any description that I and my brethren are thus continuously persecuted and harassed by our enemies, but there are other motives and some of them I have expressed."

Smith meant by this that people envied the Mormons their prosperity. This was a fact. And, looking around at the hostile faces that ringed him, he foretold again the violent years that were coming to America.

"Inasmuch," he said, "as you and the people thirst for my blood, I prophesy that you shall witness scenes of blood and horror to your entire satisfaction. Your souls shall be perfectly satiated with blood, and many of you who are now present shall have an opportunity to face the cannon's mouth from sources you think not of, and these people who desire this great evil upon me and my brethren shall be filled with sorrow for the scenes of desolation that await them. They shall seek for peace and shall not be able to find it. Gentlemen, you will find that what I have told you will come true."

All of it did come true. Smith was locked in the Carthage jail and was assured again that he would be safe. The following day he was taken into court for questioning and then returned to his cell. As the hours passed, an angry tumult of voices began to sound in the town. A mob, mainly composed of militiamen, supposedly there to keep law and order, was beginning to whip itself into a fury and cry for Smith's blood. The governor did nothing to try to prevent what was coming. With a cynical shrug he left the militia and their officers to "rule." And on the night of the 27th of June, 1844, a mob of shouting, cursing men, with the lust to kill in their hearts, stormed the Carthage jail.

There was a guard inside, but these men were obviously in sympathy with the oncoming assassins. The few shots they fired were purposely aimed high, and they were quickly "overpowered." Guns blazed among the cells of the jail as the mob gained entrance. Hyrum Smith, the prophet's brother, fell dead with a bullet in his brain. Joseph Smith went to a window and balanced himself on the sill. Whether he was trying to escape, or whether he planned to talk to the mob and try to quiet it will never be known. For before his lips could open, a volley of shots rang out.

Smith fell through the window, landing in the street outside. He had strength enough to prop his body against a curbstone and stare for a moment at his murderers through glazing blue eyes. Then more shots came. Joseph Smith sagged forward and lay still.

The leader had been destroyed, but, as the years went by, the new religion he had created grew ever stronger as its followers moved westward.

In fact, today Mormonism possesses a surprising amount of integrity in the face of the great economic tragedy against which the United States has been struggling for years. Mormons have refused relief money from the government. They have opened their own planned relief agencies which are exclusive of taxpayers' money. The machinery of their program includes work, food, clothing and other necessities.

Even Smith's enemies admit today that he can't be brushed aside as a mere humbug and fraud. His life accomplishments speak for him. The city of Nauvoo that he left behind at his death was almost as large as Chicago at the same period and held many thousands of residents. Every stick and stone of that city was like a monument to Smith. For he had been the mayor, the chief magistrate of the courts, the commander in chief of a well-drilled, well-uniformed army of five thousand picked soldiers. He had controlled the balance of power in the state of Illinois. He had even been at one time a candidate for the presidency of the United States and had given his political opponent a real run. And, though Smith died violently at the hands of a mob, though Nauvoo became a mere ghost town as the Mormons were driven farther west, the force of Smith's personality has by no means ended today. Salt Lake City with its great Mormon temple is the physical fulfillment of the vision he saw in his rough piece of quartz crystal on his father's farm in Palmyra, and seven hundred thousand Mormons, living in America and many parts of the world, are living testimony to the truth of his prophetic dreams.

Aleister Crowley

[*Continued from page 143*]

him as a holder of some of the world's records for mountain-climbing, or warn you against him as a thoroughly bad man, a Satanish devil worshipper steeped in black magic, the high priest Beelzebub. An actor knew him only as a theatrical producer and the designer of extraordinary costumes. A publisher said that Crowley was an essayist and philosopher whose books, nearly all privately printed, were masterpieces of modern printing. By others he is pictured as a big-game hunter, a gambler, an editor, an explorer. Some say he is a great genius, others that he is a master faker.

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Methodism's Most Famous Ghost

[*Continued from page 146*]

been dashed in a thousand pieces. We passed through the hall into the kitchen and got the candle and went to see the children, whom we found asleep.

"The next night, your father would get Mr. Hoole (the Vicar of Haxey) to lie at our house and we all sat together until one or two o'clock in the morning and heard the knocking as usual. Sometimes it would make a noise like the winding up of a jack, at other times, as that night Mr. Hoole was with us, like a carpenter planing deals, but most commonly it knocked thrice and stopped, and then thrice again, and so many hours together. We persuaded your father to speak and try if any voice would be heard. One night, about six o'clock, he went into the nursery in the dark and at first heard several deep groans, then knocking. He adjured it to speak if it had power and tell him why it troubled his house, but no voice was heard, but it knocked thrice aloud. Then he questioned whether it were Sammy and bid it, if it were and could not speak, knock again, but it knocked no more that night, which made us hope that it was not against your death."

"OLD JEFFERY," as the Wesleys came to name their uninvited guest, had very definite political beliefs. He was a Jacobite and had little use for the House of Hanover with its Georgian dynasty. In this dislike of the new royal family, he seems to have the support of Mrs. Wesley, who previously had expressed her dislike for the Prince of Orange, not believing that he was the real king. For this treasonable heresy in his own household, the elder Wesley refused to cohabit with his wife for the period of an entire year, abandoning his stern punishment on finding that it failed to alter the views of Mrs. Wesley in any way.

Susannah Wesley, in a letter to her brother, wrote:

"It is now pretty quiet, only at our repeating the prayers for the king and prince, when it usually begins, especially when my father says, 'Our most Sovereign Lord,' etc. This my father is angry at and designs to say *three* instead of *two* for the royal family. We all heard the same noise, at the same time, and as coming from the same place. To conclude this, it now makes its personal appearance, but of this more hereafter."

Inquiry by the younger Samuel continued to evoke descriptions of new phenomena of the versatile Jeffery, in letters written by his mother and sisters, while his father commented that—"It would make a glorious penny book for Jack Dunton but, while I live, I am not ambitious for anything of that nature."

Emily Wesley writes that Hetty saw "something like a man, in a loose nightgown, trailing after him, which made her fly to me in the nursery." Another witness who testified to the strange phenomena was Robert Brown, a servant. Together with the housemaid, he heard the groans and knocks upon their first occurrence and, shortly after, saw the handmill, in which he had been grinding barley, whirled very swiftly! He said:

"Naught vexed me but that it was empty."

When he was in bed, he heard the sound of someone falling over boots and shoes in his room, but he had left them below stairs and there was no one else in his room. The second maid, who had laughed at the tales told by the first, was followed into the dairy by the knockings, which knocked first above and next below the shelf upon which several puncheons of milk were standing. She took a candle, searched for the source of the noise and then, panic-stricken, dropped a tray of butter she was carrying and ran for her life.

Jeffery, not content with his past feats, expanded his repertoire still further by walking past Hetty on the garret stairs, going down the broad stairs, up the back stairs and thence back to the garret. Nothing was visible, but the heavy step shook the stairs from top to bottom.

Susannah waited the next night and followed the noise of footsteps into the kitchen, where there was a drumming on the screen. She followed the noise to the other side of the screen, and the drumming changed to the side from which she came. The knocking then changed to the kitchen door which she quickly unlatched. She found nothing. When she shut it, the knocking began again, but upon reopening the door, it was pushed vigorously against her and she had to set shoulder and knee against it to latch it.

In the nursery, Mrs. Wesley heard the

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vigorous rocking of a cradle, this despite the fact that there was no longer a cradle in that room. The mastiff kept by the family would tremble and creep away just before each onset of the phenomena. An excellent watchdog, he had turned into an abject coward. Noises as of the throwing of dishes would come from the kitchen, but nothing seemed to be disturbed. Loud noises were heard as of the dumping of coal, but no coal was to be found. On several nights the noises persisted from sundown to daylight and none of the family could sleep.

Three times the rector was pushed aside on the way to his study. He could touch no one. With strained nerves, the family began to make plans for abandoning the house, but the noises stopped as abruptly as they had begun two months before.

Unlike most hauntings, the evidence of the Epworth ghost still exists in the letters of Mr. and Mrs. Wesley, Suzannah, and Emilia, written to Samuel while the hullabaloo was still in full swing. The accounts all support each other in the main points and are in turn supported by letters written by Robert Brown, Molly and Nancy Wesley, as well as by the Vicar of Haxey himself. An account was written by John Wesley and later was published in the *Armenian Magazine*.

Students of the evidence have offered various theories to account for the happenings. Frank Podmore of the Society for Psychical Research was inclined to blame Hetty Wesley. He admitted that he had no evidence for this, but was tempted to blame someone. The famous author, Andrew Lang, came to the conclusion that rats would account for most of the phenomena—which seems extremely unlikely, because of the magnitude of the disturbances. The Wesleys, who put up with the uproar for two months, and the other eyewitnesses called in by them, firmly believed to their dying day that the Epworth rectory had harbored a ghost. At any rate, Old Jeffery is Methodism's most famous ghost.

Washington Was Psychic

[*Continued from page 129*]

" 'Son of the republic, the end of the century cometh. Look and learn.'

"And then the dark, shadowy angel turned his face southward, and from Africa I saw an ill-omened spectre approach our land. It flitted slowly over every town and city of the latter. The inhabitants presently set themselves in battle array against each other. As I continued looking I saw a bright angel, on whose brow rested a crown of light, on which was traced the word 'Union,' bearing the American flag, which he placed between the divided nation and said:

" 'Remember ye are brethren.'

"Instantly, the inhabitants, casting from them their weapons, became friends once more and united around the national standard.

"And again I heard the mysterious voice saying, 'Son of the republic, look and learn.'

"At this the dark, shadowy angel placed a trumpet to his mouth and blew three distinct blasts, and taking water from the ocean, he sprinkled it upon Europe, Asia and Africa. Then my eyes beheld a fearful scene: from each of these countries arose thick, black clouds that were soon joined into one. And throughout this mass there gleamed a dark red light by which I saw hordes of armed men, who, moving with the cloud, marched by land and sailed by sea to America, which country was enveloped in the volume of cloud. And I dimly saw these vast armies devastate the whole country and burn the villages, towns and cities that I beheld springing up. As my ears listened to the thundering of the cannon, clashing of swords and the shouts and cries of millions in mortal combat, I again heard the mysterious voice saying:

" 'Son of the republic, look and learn.'

"When the voice had ceased, the dark, shadowy angel placed his trumpet once more to his mouth and blew a long and fearful blast. Instantly a light as of a thousand suns shone down from above me and pierced and broke into fragments the dark cloud which enveloped America. At the same moment the angel upon whose head still shone the word 'Union,' and who bore our national flag in one hand and a sword in the other, descended from the heavens attended by legions of white spirits. These immediately joined the inhabitants of America, who I perceived were well nigh overcome, but who immediately taking courage again closed up their broken ranks and renewed the battle. Again, amid the fearful noise of the conflict, I heard the mysterious voice saying:

" 'Son of the republic, look and learn.'

"As the voice ceased, the shadowy angel for the last time dipped water from the ocean and sprinkled it upon America. Instantly, the dark cloud rolled back, together with the armies it had brought, leaving the inhabitants of the land victorious.

"Then once more I beheld the villages, towns and cities springing up where I had seen them before, while the bright angel, planting the azure standard he had brought in the midst of them, cried with a loud voice:

" 'While the stars remain, and the heavens send down dew upon the earth, so long shall the union last.'

"And taking from his brow the crown on which blazoned the word 'Union,' he

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placed it upon the standard while the people, kneeling down, said, 'Amen.'

"The scene instantly began to fade and dissolve, and I at last saw nothing but the rising, curling vapor I at first beheld. This also disappearing, I found myself once more gaping upon the mysterious visitor who, in the same voice I had heard before, said:

" 'Son of the republic, what you have seen is thus interpreted. Three great perils will come upon the republic. The most fearful is the third passing, which the whole world united shall not prevail against. Let every child of the republic learn to live for his God, his land and union.'

"With these words the vision vanished, and I started from my seat and felt that I had seen a vision wherein had been shown me the birth, progress and destiny of the United States."

Cheiro's Death Clock

[*Continued from page 145*]

with his passing, as told by the matter-of-fact English nurse who attended him:

"Three times the clock tolled the hour of one. . . . At the last moment the whole house was filled with an overpowering fragrance of flowers. There were no flowers in the room, and none outside. Yet we all smelled the fragrance and could still smell it in the morning.

"I was sitting at the head of the stairs —except at the last moment—and they were empty. Yet they creaked as though an army of people were coming and going.

"They were just asking me how long I thought his strength would hold out, when the clock struck one. My wrist watch showed 12:15. I thought nothing of it, except that perhaps the big clock on the stairs was wrong. Twice again, at about ten-minute intervals, it struck one. He died at 1:05 by my watch."

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[*Continued from page 115*]

impenetrable to the human mind when, in October, 1926, Therese Neumann began to refuse food and, a few months later, even liquid nourishment. Since then she has subsisted exclusively on the daily wafer of the Holy Communion. Losing every Friday about ten pounds in blood and perspiration, she regains them mysteriously during the week, existing merely by the power of her strangely mystical mind.

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As the spectator, she ignores what is going to happen. She doesn't know the difference between right and wrong, and in this she antagonizes the teachings of the dogma considerably. She loves Judas, for instance, and fails to see in his kiss a sign of betrayal. But she loathes the Roman soldiers who scourge Christ, and she insults them in rough, vulgar, almost obscene peasant phrases. She dislikes Peter, also, because he is the first to spill blood by cutting off Malchus' ear.

In the rôle of the spectator she has no power of reasoning. The cross is for her just two pieces of wood, the destination of which she fails to recognize. She says about Christ:

"They make him carry some lumber up there."

She doesn't know any names. Her mind is unable to connect things logically. Events do not develop in a casual order, their meanings are almost always hidden to her. The simplest abstract operations have become too difficult. In her psychic trance she can't say, for instance, "I see three soldiers." She says, "I see a soldier, a soldier, a soldier."

She is hardly able to form sentences and speaks most of the time in abrupt exclamations. She never varies the description of the images of her visions. She is not conscious of the split in her personality and has no recollection of what has happened after the trance is over.

But there is no doubt that she is one of the very few human beings who knows what lies beyond the material world. Six hundred times already, always miraculously resurrected, she has come back from the shores of death. Even on the days when she is just another peasant girl of the town of Konnersreuth, she lives in close intimacy with death. This is the only topic she talks about with her visitors. She knows that her days are numbered. She often says that she will survive her father, but not her mother, and hopes that she will die on a Good Friday. Incidentally, she was born on a Good Friday.

Therese still lives with her family, as she always did. They are poor, simple people. Her father is the tailor of the town and works very hard to make his living. Her brothers and sisters are farm workers. She is the youngest of the ten children.

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we were in the region of the accident at all.

I did not at that time know anything about psychic phenomena or spiritistic teachings, and took no interest in them whatever. I have tried to give an accurate account of the experience, and as I said, I believe there are people still living in Lakehurst who would remember my describing the vision to them before the accident occurred.

I NOT ONLY foresaw the disaster to the Shenandoah, but many years later had a similar experience with regard to the airplane accident which led to the death of Will Rogers and his companion. This vision occurred during sleep, and so far as I can determine took place at the same time, or nearly the same time, as the event. In a very vivid dream—an *astral excursion*, perhaps—I seemed to be in a place covered with snow and ice. There was a plane on the ground, two men were in it, and another man stood beside me. The latter told me that I must enter the plane, but I was afraid to do so. Finally, I seemed to do as he told me, but kept saying, "If we can only get up fifty feet we will be safe." The plane took off, failed to get elevation, and crashed, but at the moment it fell I seemed to be standing on the ground again, watching it. I was not conscious of the identity of the two men, but I saw that both were killed, and that one of them had a black patch over one eye.

The next morning I was telling this dream of mine to my neighbors—who are still here in this city—when an acquaintance drove up and asked if we had heard the news of the death of Will Rogers and his companion.

To make the statement complete—though not to argue the case for spiritualism or any particular point of view—I should add this: When attending a séance about a week later, the communicator who claims to be my spirit guide told me through the trumpet voice, that he had taken me to the scene of the accident in order that I might help, by explaining to the two men what had happened to them. Their deaths, he said, would be so sudden that they would not realize they were out of the body. At a later séance, a spirit claiming to be Will Rogers himself appeared and thanked me for helping them. But so far as the dream itself goes, I have no recollection of speaking to the men after the crash.

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[*Continued from page 157*]

CONVINCING VISITATIONS

NO ONE COULD have convinced me there was such a thing as a really haunted house, had I not lived in one and experienced the phenomenon.

During the depression we decided to move to a cheaper place. The house we rented had belonged to a very good family who owned and operated a store on the same lot with the house. They were well-to-do, but lived like misers. The old man died, and a widowed sister, who was rather queer acting, came to live with the old lady. The sister also died; the old lady lived alone in the house for many years; finally she also died, and left the estate to distant relatives, who redecorated and modernized the place, and put it up for sale. It had stood vacant several months when we leased it for a year, never realizing it was haunted.

Previously, the place had belonged to a man of very bad reputation, but we never learned whether he died in the house or not. We had never met any of the former owners of the place, and had seen the old lady only once in her store.

Our family consisted of my husband, myself, and one daughter, who was at that time attending high school.

There were three bedrooms in the house and my husband and I chose the back one, and our daughter the middle one. We left the front one as a guest room. We moved in the first of July and, being tired, retired early, having first opened all the windows and doors, but left the screens fastened.

My husband and I both fell asleep almost immediately, but were awakened by the most blood curdling screams from our daughter's room. "Mother, there is someone in my room!"

I sprang out of bed and rushed into her room, and switched on the light. I could see no one. I searched the house and everything seemed all right.

"You must have had a bad dream," I said.

"No, Mother, I hadn't gone to sleep yet," she insisted. "A man came and stood at the foot of the bed and looked right at me."

This same thing happened every night, and our daughter began to lose weight. We thought she was ill and took her to a doctor, but nothing basically could be found wrong with her mentally or physically.

She kept up the screaming so often that it got on the nerves of all of us and until my husband said, "For heaven's sake, find out what is wrong in that room!"

I had experimented with every possible cause, and arranged the furniture so no shadows could be seen from the bed through mirrors or any other way. Finally, we moved daughter into the guest room, and apparently she slept all right, at least she did not scream out any longer in the night.

I finally forgot the experience, but noticed daughter always switched on the lights before she would enter that room.

The next summer she spent in the country. Out of town guests came for a week end and I had to place one man in that room.

Next morning I asked him if he slept well.

He replied, "Yes, but, by golly, something funny happened in the night. I know I was not dreaming, for I had not gone to sleep yet, and someone came in the room and stood and looked at me. I got up and turned on the light, and I heard him run out of the room and out the back door. On investigating, I found that all the doors were locked on the inside."

"What had you had to drink?" I asked.

"I had not been drinking, and I know I was not dreaming," he answered.

Several weeks later he returned for another visit and asked me if anyone had ever died in that room. "You know, I've been thinking of what happened that night," he said, "and while I am sure it was no human being, still it acted like one."

Later another guest was placed in that room, and when I asked him if he slept all right, he said, "Not very," and I saw him counting his money.

The next summer my husband was ill, and I slept in that room so he could rest better. I was awakened by a soft, feathery hand on my forehead and the presence of a person bending over my bed.

I put up my hand and tried to grab the hand, but the figure ran out of the room and bumped into the phone desk. I got up and examined the doors and windows and everything was locked on the inside.

Many times my husband was wakened in the night and would call out, "Why are you prowling around?" I would never have been up. He insisted someone was.

I slept in that room all summer, and one night I was wakened by a low humming tune and the floor shaking. I opened my eyes, and, to my amazement, three white-clad figures were dancing with a ghost as in a game called, Ring Around the Rosie. When I moved they all vanished through the ceiling with a rustling sound like birds taking flight.

Daughter is married now, and, while visiting her last year, I was telling her of this strange experience as a dream.

"Mother," she said, "where were you when you dreamed that?"

"I was in your room back home," I replied.

"That was no dream. I have seen that same thing many times, and was afraid to tell you for fear you would think I was crazy."

"Well," I said, "I'm glad to know you don't think I'm crazy. I was afraid to tell it was a real vision and not a dream."

"I thought it was a sign I was going to die, or that I was losing my mind," she said simply.

Now neither of us doubts the supernatural.

Mrs. Robert Dixon,
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